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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1 25 Per Year

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MANY BIG REPUBLICAN VICTORIES.

Was the Result of the Elections in Many States Tuesday.

McKEAN COUNTY IS REPUBLICAN

Pennsylvania Goes 205,000 Results From Other States—Small Vote Polled.

The election held in McKean county last Tuesday was an unusually quiet affair. Less than half of the usual vote was cast and in most districts there was was little or no interest taken by the usually active party workers.

The whole Republican ticket was elected by large pluralities, considering the number of votes cast and the Prohibitionists broke all previous records by polling a larger vote on the whole ticket than the Democrats and electing their jury commissioner.

Judge Bouton, Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, had the largest vote of any man on the ticket, 2417, and Hon. Thos. A. Morrison, for Judge of the Superior Court, was second with 2178. However Judge Morrison's plurality is larger than that of Judge Bouton.

At this time it is impossible to give the official vote of this county, but below we give the total vote of this county for each candidate on the Republican, Democratic and Prohibition tickets as reported in the open returns. This includes all of the districts with the exception of the fourth district of Lafayette township which could not be heard up to last night.

STATE TREASURER.

Wm. L. Mathues, R.	2089
Joel G. Hill, D.	634
Henry D. Patton, Pro.	783

AUDITOR GENERAL.

Wm. P. Snyder, R.	1816
Arthur G. Dewalt, D.	556
Elisha K. Kane, Pro.	1079

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES.

Thos. A. Morrison, R.	2178
John J. Henderson, R.	1804
John A. Ward, D.	618
Calvin Rayburn, D.	475
Matthew H. Stevenson, Pro.	613
Emmett D. Nichols, Pro.	708

COMMON PLEAS JUDGE.

Joseph W. Bouton, R.	2417
John D. Gill, Pro.	1109

JURY COMMISSIONERS.

Leon Curtis, R.	2061
S. M. Love, Pro.	1166
P. W. Mullin, D.	581

Smethport borough polled about the largest percentage of the usual vote on Tuesday of any district in the county. Following is the vote:

STATE TREASURER.

Wm. L. Mathues, R.	209
Joel G. Hill, D.	54
Henry D. Patton, Pro.	84

AUDITOR GENERAL.

Wm. P. Snyder, R.	168
Arthur G. Dewalt, D.	81
Elisha K. Kane, Pro.	98

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES.

Thos. A. Morrison, R.	240
John J. Henderson, R.	200
John A. Ward, D.	42
Calvin Rayburn, D.	84
Matthew H. Stevenson, Pro.	93
Emmett D. Nichols, Pro.	20

COMMON PLEAS JUDGE.

Joseph W. Bouton, R.	273
John D. Gill, Pro.	26

JURY COMMISSIONERS.

Leon Curtis, R.	235
P. W. Mullin, D.	14
S. M. Love, Pro.	46

Complete returns from all but 11 counties of this State indicate a plurality for William L. Mathues, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, approximating 265,000. The vote for the Republican candidates for Superior Court Judges is slightly lower than that for State Treasurer. For an "off year" 265,000 might be called a comfortable margin.

Tom Johnson, Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, is defeated by a plurality of about 115,000. Herrick, the Republican candidate, carried 62 of the 88 counties of the State. The Republican majority in the Legislature on joint ballot is 93, which insures the re-election of United States Senator Hanna.

The entire Democratic State ticket is elected in Maryland. The Legislature, which will elect a successor to United States Senator McComas, is also overwhelmingly Democratic.

In Kentucky John W. Beckham, Democratic candidate for Governor, is elected by about 25,000 plurality.

Governor Cummins is re-elected in Iowa by a plurality of 88,802.

Nebraska, the home of the illustrious William Jennings Bryan and his Commoner, is Republican by a safe margin.

The Republicans were also successful in Colorado, the majority being about 7,000.

Governor Bates, Republican, was re-elected in Massachusetts by 35,849.

Rhode Island elected Governor Garvin, Democrat, by 5,300.

George B. McClellan, Tammany candidate, was elected Mayor of Greater New York by about 62,000 plurality over Seth Low, Fusion candidate for re-election. The balance of the Tammany ticket was also elected. The State outside of New York city went Republican by increased majorities, a gain of one State Senator and eight Assemblymen being the result. The barge canal proposition, which carries with it a State expenditure of $101,000,000, was carried by a majority of upwards of 250,000.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The Republican Representative conferees of this District met in Emporium on Tuesday Sept. 27, 1870. The following named gentlemen were delegates: Clinton—Jesse Merril, A. White; Cameron—J. B. Earl, R. Warner; McKean—C. Cornforth, W. J. Milliken. The meeting was organized by electing Jesse Merril chairman and W. J. Milliken secretary. Clinton county presented the name of D. L. Smith and McKean the name of V. Perry Carter of Ceres township. The first ballot resulted as follows: Smith 3, and Carter 3. The second ballot was taken with the same result. The name of Mr. Smith was then withdrawn and on motion Mr. Carter was unanimously nominated.

Esquire Ford will please accept the thanks of the MINER family and the public generally for placing in one of the rooms in this building a choice lot of apples which have been sampled several times by us and we have no scruples in pronouncing the fruit very good. Henry Sartwell, better known as "Sip," opens the door leading from the post-office to the room in question and cordially invites all who chance to be at the office to "take an apple."

We are informed that H. M. Bush is putting a cider mill in working order in his grist mill and when completed it will of course be a great labor saving machine for farmers who have heretofore been obliged to carry their apples some distance to procure their cider.

The proclamation for the election of Tuesday, October 11, 1870, shows that at that comparatively recent date there were but 15 election precincts in the county.

Died, at his residence in Ceres, Pa., on the 3d of October, 1870, William Belk, in his 83d year.

At Ceres, Pa., on the 7th of October, 1870, Ann Eliza, wife of W. K. King, in her 34th year.

Election has come and went. Candidates, especially in the township, have come and went. Any amount of pasting was going on all the time, but strange to say but little benzine was used and on the whole a more quiet and orderly day (considering it was a time when all expected to have a "good time") is seldom seen.

The only very interesting thing with the people of this vicinity at present is draw poker.

Died, at his residence in Bradford, this county, October 9, 1870, of heart disease, Daniel Kingsbury, Esq., aged 67 years. Although Mr. Kingsbury's health had been poor for many months, his death came unexpectedly to a large circle of friends and his loss will be greatly felt all through this region of country. The funeral services were held in the Union church of Bradford on Tuesday the 11th inst., Rev. Mr. Cornforth of this place officiating.

"Clara" sends us the following items from Bradford: We have a new minister named Rowley and the people are very much pleased with him thus far. Dime societies are again in season at our place. The object of them is to raise money for the purchase of a bell for the new school house. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. White's on Friday evening. Both departments of the Bradford school opened on the 17th and are taught by Misses Belle J. and Hannah Coon. But two frosts have visited this place as yet. Everyone is anxious to know the contents of Mr. Kingsbury's will. The county treasurer-elect has joined the temperance society.

Married, at Dunkirk, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1870, by the Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Corlas A. Foster and Miss E. A. Melvin, both of Bradford, Pa.

On the morning of Nov. 2, 1870, at the house of the bride's mother, by Rev. H. Butlin of Portville, Rev. E. B. Williams of Coudersport and Miss P. U. Barrett of Smethport.

The question to be debated by the Lyceum next Saturday evening is, "Resolved, That the practice of the law is injurious to the morals of the practitioner." Affirmative, Rev. R. D. Hays; negative, J. C. Backus, Esq.

Last Friday was a great day for deer. Six of them were seen at one time on the hill back of town on that day. Although dogs were after them they did not seem to be disturbed in the least, but ran around in the most sportive manner.

J. D. Barnes of Kane met with a very serious accident last Friday. It seems he was playing with his little child and had taken a loaded revolver out of his pocket. By some means the revolver was accidentally discharged, the contents of which entered his forehead, the ball passing under the brain and lodging in the back part of his head. Dr. Freeman, who happened to be at that place, was immediately called in and dressed the wound.

THEY KILLED A BLACK BEAR.

Smethport Nimrods Distinguish Themselves Yesterday.

ORLO J. HAMLIN THE LUCKY MAN.

Ralph E. Burdick Also Shot and Hit. Something, Maybe—The Bear Weighs 115 Pounds.

Tuesday afternoon a party of big game hunters, comprising Orlo J. Hamlin, Ralph E. Burdick and Guy H. McCoy, all of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, left for the tall timber of Norwich township with the full determination of bagging a deer or a bear, or slaying all winter. They spent the night in the woods where they discovered "bar signs" and early in the morning Messrs. Hamlin and Burdick, with their guides, J. B. Oviatt and sons, took up the trail afresh, Mr. McCoy being compelled to return home to attend to the less exciting duties at the bank.

The whole party followed the trail until his bearship entered a big windfall on the south fork of the west branch of Potato creek. At this point Mr. Oviatt stationed our bankers at a point where he thought bruin would emerge from the thicket and the Oviatt boys went in to drive the black beauty out of his place of refuge and into the jaws of death.

After a long wait their vigil was awarded. Orlo says the first intimation he had of bruin's approach was the noise of breaking brush which sounded to him as though a very large elephant on a rampage was coming toward him. Burdick was the first to get sight of the beast and he immediately commenced to empty his Winchester at the black monster without doing any apparent damage.

Bruin pursued the even tenor of his way toward Orlo and Little Willie threw down the challenge by shooting the first time at random, as he says, to give the black brigade a chance to retreat, but the king of these forests seemed determined to stop at nothing less than victory or death. By this time the gentleman of color was comfortably or uncomfortably close and our hero realizing that it was now or never, pulled his shattered nerves together, took deliberate aim and fired. When the smoke from his trusty Savage had cleared the monarch of the forest lay prone upon the ground.

The party gathered around the remains of his bearship and did a heap war dance in honor of this most auspicious occasion and mighty cheers were sent up in honor of the hero of the occasion. The bear was brought to town last night and weighed 115 pounds. This is the first bear that has been killed by a Smethport man for a good many years and Mr. Hamlin feels justly proud of his hunt in the wilds of McKean county. The pelt will be made into a rug and will adorn Mr. Hamlin's home as a trophy of his first bear hunt.

Hallowe'en Parties.

The Athenæum entertained the Adelphi and a few invited guests at a Hallowe'en party at the High School Friday evening. The upper hall was decorated in the society colors and was lighted with jack-o'-lanterns. Corn was also freely used in the decorations. The usual Hallowe'en games provided entertainment. At midnight the ghost and ghost stories took a prominent part. The refreshments were those usually served at Hallowe'en parties. A most enjoyable time is reported by all who were in attendance.

Miss Agnes McCoy entertained a large party of girl friends at the home of her parents Saturday evening. Hallowe'en games were much in evidence and all had a good time even if the boys were not there.

The social department of the Epworth League held a Hallowe'en party at the County Home last Friday evening. Thirty young people took part in the games and legends of the occasion. An excellent lunch was served.

The young people of the Baptist church gave a pleasant Hallowe'en party in the annex to the church Saturday evening. The party was largely attended and was a decided success.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has, in connection with his feed mill, just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

The Most Popular

of all small heaters is the Lawrence Odorless. Just what you want for these chill days. Call and see our large display of all kinds of Heating Stoves.

Trading Stamps given.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

CLOSING SESSIONS OF THE INSTITUTE

Institute was Successful and Good Results Obtained.

GOOD EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Profitable Lessons on Timely Topics of Value to Teachers—Much Interest Manifested.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Dr. Weir of the Clarion Normal read from Isaiah, and gave a brief, interesting talk. Miss Hinman and Miss Thurber did their usual good service in leading the singing.

Mrs. Noss showed how river basins determine the civilization of the lands they traverse. She developed as types the great basins of the Plata, Volga and Mississippi.

Dr. Weir talked of the unfolding of child life. We cannot enlarge the child's mentality by adding externally. We must provide mental nourishment, suited to the child's need, and carefully avoid a mental surfeit. An idea is never cherished until it is put in the form of expression.

Supt. Coughlin continued his work on language and spelling. He would never assign lists of words to the first four grades. Let them study the words in sentences, in their thought relations. A child has no business with a word until he needs it to express an idea. A child must master a thought as he means to express it; he must commit a poem as he means to deliver it. Careless memorizing will mean inadequate expression.

Dr. Crane spoke of the influence of ideals. Sandow when a sickly child was carried to Italy to save his life. Here he saw the Apollo Belvidere and was inspired with the wonderful physical ideal he has since realized. We grow like the thing upon which our heart is set. Our character expresses itself in our achievement and appearance. Dr. Crane told of being in a great city theatre, surrounded by a mob of the lowest of the low, yet that unkempt, repulsive, worthless rabble applauded the hero and hissed the villain. Even the lowest human being has ideals. Constancy to ideals will always bring us to an approximation of them.

Miss Hinman met the teachers who desired special work in calisthenics in the library. Instructions in sitting, walking and standing were given. Miss Hinman has given the institute much helpful work.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Mrs. Noss gave an inspiring talk on Arctic Geography, showing the slow creeping northward through the years, culminating with Nansen's wonderful dash in '93-'96. Though Albruggio reached a greater latitude (86 degrees 35 minutes) Nansen's expedition was the greatest in its scientific results.

Supt. Coughlin gave a rousing address to the directors, with many encouraging words for the men who give their time and effort to the public and are usually rewarded with complaints and abuse. He then gave them helpful suggestions as to their work and duties. Supt. Coughlin surpassed himself in the use of witty and apt stories illustrating the points he made.

Dr. Crane talked with his usual convincing earnestness on the "Training of the Hand." He showed that no thought is clear until it is given expression; that the hand gives expression in innumerably more ways than the tongue, and is proportionally the more important. An ideal not worked out in expression dies and is lost. The hand therefore becomes the giver of life to the great majority of ideals and their realizations. Everything about us created by man is a hand-expression of some ideal. Many brains are the graveyards of great ideals because the hand is inadequately trained to express them.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The Old Homestead Male Quartette gave a very enjoyable entertainment. Miss May, the reader, was exceptionally fine and the troupe as a whole was well balanced and its members masters of their art.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Supt. Coughlin led the devotional exercises; Miss Hinman conducting the music.

Mrs. Noss discussed the territory of Alaska. Alaska in situation, climate, products and advantages corresponds to Scandinavia. The height of Mt. St. Elias and other peaks were long unknown because of the constant cloud cap that hid their summits. The Duke of Albruzzio finally scaled it and measured its altitude. Muir glacier is the largest in the world, each of its seven tributary glaciers excelling the famous Mer de Glace. 200,000,000 cubic feet of ice are broken off by the sea each day. The territory is rich in timber, furs, gold, fish and other products. It is the "refrigerator of America" in the better sense of a storehouse of useful things.

Supt. Coughlin talked on habits as the basis of character. We become noble by doing, not by willing. What a child means to become he must be now, at least in effort and aspiration. A wrong tendency must be corrected by a stronger one in the right direction.

Dr. Crane talked of the new history. Start in the primary grades to show how man lived in the beginning and how he lives now, and the steps he took from the sledge to the palace. History is simply man's progress, and the youngest child can grasp grand suggestions of its endless upward tendency. From the bloodthirsty Roman mob expressing its highest ethical conception in the gladiatorial show to the Christendom of today should be answer sufficient to the pessimist.

Institute adjourned at 11:55 a. m.

"The Burglar."

A famous play by a famous author, "The Burglar," by Augustus Thomas, also author of "Alabama," will shortly be seen here. This play particularly appeals to the ladies and children as one of the principal roles is enacted by a child not yet seven years of age, and the costuming of the ladies is very rich and appropriate. A pretty love story is entwined in the plot of "The Burglar," and the sensational developments, though mild, are absorbingly interesting. The third act of the play is the dramatization of Mrs. Francis Hodgeson Burnett's story of "Editha's Burglar," which was in vogue about the same time with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and has for its center of interest a precocious and quaint little girl, as the other has a precocious and quaint little boy. The play is full of dramatic situations with enough humorous by-play to relieve the tension and it grows in interest from start to finish, although it is simple in its plot and in its business.

The childish innocence on the part of little Editha after awakening from her blissful slumbers to find a burglar in her very presence, and her conduct towards the unwelcome intruder never fails to arouse the keenest kind of admiration. In the coolest, most self-collected manner she faces the burglar, and through her perfect indifference as to danger wins him over completely. No play ever written has so complete a sway upon the feelings that actuate the human being. No prettier story ever told. No dramatic touching more profound. It appeals to all classes, from the fashionable elite to the less wealthy people. No Madison Square Theatre success will live longer in public estimation than "The Burglar."

This splendid play will be presented by Mr. A. Q. Scammon's superb company at the Lyceum next Monday evening. It is worthy of the patronage of the most exclusive amusement lover.

In Recognition of the Eunice H. Colegrove Fund.

Some time ago Mrs. Eunice Colegrove sent a communication to the trustees of the Methodist church of Smethport, in which she said: "In recognition of God's goodness to me and of the blessings of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am moved to place in the hands of the trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal church, the sum of one thousand dollars to be held by them and their successors in office, in trust, to be invested on interest, the principal to remain so invested and the interest to be used for the benefit of the church, preferably for pastor's salary, but if necessary, to keep the church and parsonage and surroundings in neat and attractive condition. It is my hope that this gift may stimulate greater devotion to and care for the welfare of the church."

In appreciation of this splendid practical manifestation of devotion to the church, the trustees of the church decided to have a tablet bearing the inscription, "In Grateful Recognition of the Eunice H. Colegrove Fund," placed in the church as a perpetual recognition of the same.

The unveiling of this tablet took place at the church Sunday morning (the day being Mrs. Colegrove's 82d birthday) in a special service at which letters from former pastors were read. These spoke of her coming to the church with her husband, W. J. Colegrove, when greatly needed; and of their readily taking up responsible work, of her continued devotion through the years, of her noble and generous impulses now reaching out to the future to perpetuate her influence in divine service and of her joy and blessing in doing so.

The pastor's sermon and the music were suited to the occasion. The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and potted plants. The day was one of inspiration for the entire church.

Thou Shalt Not Kill

does not imply to the game now in season. Remember our stock of Guns and Hunters' Supplies is complete and our prices are always the lowest.

Guns for Rent.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Parker "Lucky Curve" is the best fountain pen made because it is always clean, works freely and does not leak in the pocket. Call at McCoy's Drug Store and see the large stock on exhibition.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

PORTVILLE 0, SMETHPORT 0.

That was the Result of the Football Game Here Thursday.

SMETHPORT HAD THE BEST OF IT.

First Game of the Season—It was Interesting—More Games to Follow.

The first game of football of the season so far as Smethport is concerned was played at Kane field last Friday afternoon between the Portville eleven and the Smethport team. It was a most interesting game from beginning to end and although neither team scored it was practically a victory for the home team. At no time was our goal in danger and twice the local team had the ball dangerously near the goal of the visitors.

The attendance was not as large as was hoped for, but the enthusiasm shown by those who were there makes it certain that one or two more like games would make football just as popular in Smethport as baseball ever was.

At 4:15 Portville kicked off to Smethport's 15-yard line and Andrews gained ten yards before hitting the ground. Then a series of line bucks mixed with some lively end plays brought the ball back past the center of the field, where Portville got it on a fumble. The visitors found a weak spot in our tackles but it was not so weak that they could gain steadily and we soon held them for downs. We then made gains steadily with one exception where we lost on a fumble and held them for downs, until we reached the visitors 32-yard line, when time was called without either team scoring.

In the second half Douglass kicked almost to the visitors goal line and by a pretty catch and punt it was returned to our 30-yard line. By hard line hitting and a few good end runs we carried the ball close to the center of the field, where a fumble prevented our making the necessary five yards. Portville again went after our right tackle, but after gaining about 15 yards they were again forced to surrender the pigskin on downs. We hit their line steadily at every point for two, three and five yard gains until we reached their 10-yard line. Here an end play was stopped and the following line buck left us at their six yard line, lacking about one foot of making the necessary gain to hold the ball. Portville made one gain but lost it all on the next attempt and time was called just in time to prevent our scoring.

Following is the lineup:

Portville.	Positions.	Smethport.
W. Merserean	r. e.	A. Sherer
E. Gibbons	r. t.	Masser
H. Martinson	r. g.	Camp
F. Hartman	c.	H. Backus
G. Holcomb	l. g.	Hussey
H. Horton	l. t.	Day
F. Peckham	l. e.	R. Knapp
Don Smith	q. b.	M. Backus
A. Peckham	r. h. b.	L. Koenig
N. Trenkle	l. h. b.	Andrews
M. Holcomb	f. b.	Douglass

Portville subs—Swartz and Fox.

B., B. & K. Depot Burglarized.

The B., B. & K. depot at this place was burglarized Monday night and all the indications are that the work was done by local.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock A. B. Armstrong heard a noise around the depot but did not take the trouble to investigate the matter and that was when the burglary was committed. The thieves smashed the west window to gain an entrance. They then entered the ticket office, broke open the money drawer and took all the cash in sight—about sixty cents in pennies.

The burglary is unquestionably the work of a gang of worthless young fellows who are hanging around town and they probably will be brought to justice for this crime. We understand the authorities are working on a good clue and arrests will soon follow.

Death of Charles Duke.

Chas. Duke of Wellsville died at the Steuben Sanitarium in Hornellsville on Wednesday night of last week, aged 68 years and nine months.

Mr. Duke was formerly a resident of this county, he and his family having lived in Duke Center from the time of the oil excitement in this county until about five years ago when he moved to Wellsville. He was a prominent oil man and was vice president of the Commercial National Bank of Bradford.

Of the immediate family, Mr. Duke is survived by his wife, two sons and one daughter, namely: Charles A. Duke of Duke Center, Darwin T. Duke of Wellsville and Mary Alice, now Mrs. Wallace Mullin of Bradford.

The funeral was held in Wellsville on Saturday, Rev. C. B. Perkins conducting the services.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A RUNAWAY PRINCESS

By Curran Richard Greenley

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"It is useless, your highness, to protest against the things that are." The baroness smoothed down her laces with plump little hands upon which gleamed innumerable rings. Marie Amalie Constantin Louise—"and all the rest of it," as she said to herself, Princess of Doldrums, arose from her low chair with a most unloyal impatience. Swish, swish, went the silken skirts over the polished floor, and the Baroness von Griefenstein wisely kept silence.

Marie Amalie stood at the window and drummed a tattoo upon the pane. Below, the little fountain tossed its laughing waters and the cuirassiers' band poured forth the national air. Marie Amalie was tired of fountains that played in the sunlight, tired of the national hymn, sick to the soul of the duchy of Doldrums and all it contained—all because a few short weeks before the baroness had taken her young charge with her train to the hunting schloss and then spent a glad, never to be forgotten day.

Somehow nobody knows, for such things have a way of managing themselves—the equerries and the princess' maids drifted two by two down the forest alleys in the languorous afternoon. The baroness nodded in her chair, and Marie Amalie found herself alone.

Then Marr Davent rode from the inn-yard that morning he drew long breaths of the forest freshness. For miles beneath the arching linden of the duke's forest he rode at a walk, the reins hanging loose on the bay's neck, singing snatches of college glees and thinking of the broad country whither he would soon be going.

He raised his eyes and looked down the leafy reaches looked and woke, so near that the bay reared in sudden fright. Then Davent slipped from the saddle and stood, hat in hand, as Marie Amalie came toward him through the green twilight.

She did not attempt to excuse herself to herself, and to no one else did that imperious young woman vouchsafe rhyme or reason for her deeds. It was temptation, pure and simple, at a time when the girl was sore embittered against the traditional shackles. A prisoned thing, bound and dumb in her jewels and laces, she had known the shame of the old roue's approval when he came to view her, as one would the points of a prize mare, and pronounced her fit to be Duchess of Grafsland. "Fit!" Marie Amalie ground her white teeth together at the remembrance of it. But she smiled with level brows into the brown eyes of Davent as the handsome head was bowed before her, and then trouble began for the Baroness Griefenstein.

Two hours later they parted under the lindens, he believing her some nobleman's daughter in the train of the young princess; she knowing all the facts about him. Marie Amalie came up the linden walk, thinking deeply. An American, it suited her exactly. She thought of the yacht that lay even now at Havre; thought, too, of the doddering old Duke of Grafsland, who had buried his second wife not a year before, the pale, pretty princess out of the north, who had been sold to him, as they were selling her.

Marie Amalie went softly up the marble steps, through the portico and down the hall, her footsteps making no sound in the thick carpet. She drew back the portiere that hung in straight, heavy folds. There was a smothered cry from within, a rustle of paper, but before the baroness could close the drawer a white hand closed firmly upon her wrists.

"What are you doing here among the private papers of Duke Fritz?"

The baroness sank down, gasping speechless, as Marie Amalie towered over her. Then the girl made a hasty examination of the drawer. The key was in the lock. A fragment of wax that adhered to the keyhole told the secret of the baroness' access to the papers of the young duke who had killed himself in that very room years before, when the Baroness Griefenstein had been a famous court beauty and Marie Amalie but a child in the cradle.

Only a bundle of yellowed letters, written in the delicate Italian script affected by the women of that generation. Marie held them thoughtfully; then, with sudden impulse, retied the faded ribbon about them, locked the drawer and placed the key in her bosom. The letters she kept in her hand. With a slow smile around the mischievous red mouth, she passed through the portiere out into the sunlight. She held the key to the situation.

The Baroness Griefenstein was a sensible woman. She knew herself at the mercy of the girl whom heretofore she had ruled relentlessly. Therefore, through the weeks that followed she temporized, telling herself that it was only for a time. In a month the girl would be safely married. There were various expeditions to the forest, evening walks, when only the baroness guarded the pretty princess. The young American still lingered at the gasthaus and rode his bay through the duke's forest.

Meanwhile the women came and went, intent upon the preparations for the marriage. All around the luxurious room were scattered the silks and laces, jewels strewed the tables. And in their midst Marie Amalie at the window, her eyes upon the forest, heedless of it all. A horseman rode down the winding road and turned in the saddle for a long look at the palace. Some day he would ride from her forever to his land of "heart's content" over the sea, leaving her to the desolate pomp of the Duchess of Grafsland. She turned to the baroness, and then [illegible]. The baroness shivered. The crisis that she had been dreading had come. Marie Amalie leaned down, hushing her voice to a whisper. "I will do it, and you must help me." And the baroness knew that she would keep that word.

The old duke, her father, could hardly believe his eyes and ears when Marie Amalie dutifully accepted her betrothal presents from the old Duke of Grafsland and even bent her white brow to his kiss. Through all the festivities that followed she moved, a queenly figure, but there was a wicked light in the brown eyes, a mutinous curve to the red lips, and the days of the Baroness Griefenstein were not days of pleasure.

The Princess Marie Amalie lay in her darkened room. Once the doctor would have let in the light, but she protested, and finally he left her alone with a sleeping draft. As he measured it, going to the window with his back to the bed, a white hand flashed out toward the little case that held his drugs. Only an instant, but as the door closed behind him Marie Amalie laughed low to herself.

The baroness was on the point of rebellion, when Marie Amalie before her protesting eyes poured a generous dose into the chocolate and bade her swallow it.

"I am afraid. It will mean imprisonment, banishment."

"Take it" (the sweet voice was like steel); "take it quietly. The letters shall be yours when I am safe." The baroness drained the chocolate with quivering lips.

Davent waiting with a closed carriage at the postern gate heard the click of the sentry's heels as the baroness came through the gateway. A long black cloak came down to her feet, but the tawny gray hair and the password were sufficient for the sentry.

Without a word they entered the carriage and were driven through the night, past the gates, where the baroness gave the word, aboard the express, by grace of the promptly produced passports. When the morning broke they were well away to Havre.

The princess had issued orders that on no account were her maids to enter her room until summoned. But as the morning wore away and no sound came from beyond the closed doors they braved her anger and entered to find the princess' bed empty, unused, and in a chair by the window the Baroness Griefenstein, with an empty chocolate cup at her elbow, lost in a drugged stupor.

There was much hurrying to and fro in the duchy of Doldrums, but of their Princess Marie Amalie there was never a trace.

The little Lutheran minister blinked and hesitated. But in the state of New York there is no Almanach de Gotha, and, although Marie Amalie von Halsburg awakened an old sound in his ears of the fatherland, the suspicion seemed too utterly impossible to be entertained for a moment. So he went on with the ceremony, and Marie Amalie Davent passed from the shadow of the quaint little church out into the free sunlight of a land that knoweth neither princess nor principalities.

A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the court room. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to nonsuit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him, to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to Duckworth versus Boozyman, an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was, and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Post.

Not So Quiet.

Mrs. Muggins—Your husband dresses rather quietly, doesn't he?

Mrs. Biggins—Humph! You ought to hear him sometimes when he can't find his collar button!—Philadelphia Record.

True Love.

Milly—I'm writing to Dolly. Have you any message for her?

Tilly—What! Writing to that horrid creature? Well, give her my love.

Some persons do first, think afterward and repent forever.—Secker.

Provide for the worst; the best will save itself.

"ONE OF OUR BOYS."

An Instance of the Magnanimity of General Robert E. Lee.

General Robert E. Lee was sitting on the veranda of his Lexington home one afternoon engaged in conversation with some friends when a man, ill clothed and covered with dust, appeared at the gate and timidly beckoned to the general.

Apologizing to his friends, Lee rose at once and went to the gate. Very soon his purse appeared, and he was seen to give the man some money.

His friends, knowing the extent of his charity in any case of suffering, real or apparent, looked on with some impatience, for they knew how slender his means were then and how many calls of the same kind came to him.

"General, who was that?" one of them ventured when he had returned to his place.

"One of our boys in trouble," was the half smiling answer, for the general knew the remonstrance which his friend was longing to make.

"What regiment and company did he belong to?" persisted the friend, anxious, if possible, to unearth the suspected fraud.

"Oh, he—he fought on the other side," was General Lee's calm answer.—Youth's Companion.

Stair Climbing.

Under no circumstance, but that of actual illness or extreme debility should stair climbing become a matter of dread. In every other case it should be attended by a pleasant feeling of exhilaration.

The "panting collapse" which many women experience at the top of a flight of stairs is due to the assumption of an incorrect position of the body during the ascent and the employment of wrong muscles for the work. The spine should be kept straight as in correct standing and breathing poise, and movement should come from the knees and not from the waist and hips. Lift the knees well, hold the chest erect and breathe deeply as you pass from stair to stair." The observance of these rules ought to make the exercise one of real benefit instead of a drudge—for it will be one or the other, since stair climbing is a daily necessity to every woman who has household duties. Then she need never complain that she has no time for physical culture.

His Hobnailed Shoes.

A globe trotter whose shoe soles are always heavily studded with copper brads was asked why he wore them. He replied:

"To those simple brads alone I attribute my present good health. For years I was an invalid, subject to neuralgia, dyspepsia and headache. In traveling among the western Indians I finally concluded that their splendid good health was due to their going barefoot. And now I attain the same result and wear shoes. I believe the aches and pains civilization is heir to are due to the insulation of our bodies from mother earth. Electricity is the vitalizing constituent of our bodies. The globe is a mighty battery, continually generating and discharging electricity. I restored the broken connection with the battery with these brads, and the result was astonishing improvement in health."

The Ants and the Elephant.

Eyewitnesses of the marches which ants make aver that when they come to an obstacle they go through it or over it or take it with them. They march as straight as a Roman road. Human occupants fly when an ant army takes its way through a house occurring on its line of march. The legions pass on and destroy nothing but such as will serve as food, but after they have gone not a beetle, a scorpion, a rat or a mouse or an insect or a reptile of any size, shape or name remains. All have been eaten by the army. It is on record that one of these moving companies was obstructed in its passage by an elephant. It took the army eight hours to pass that spot, and then there remained nothing but the picked bones of the elephant.

Disraeli and Lord Bury.

When Lord Bury, afterward Earl of Albemarle, joined the church of Rome, he wrote to Disraeli to announce it.

He [illegible] by saying that a difficulty had arisen, quite unconnected with politics, and that he was afraid it meant party embarrassment and that he therefore placed his resignation in his leader's hands.

Lord Beaconsfield (laconically)—A lady?

"Well, if you like—the scarlet lady. I have become a Catholic."

Lord Beaconsfield—But how very convenient! A relative of mine has just taken the same step, and now you can tell me what was terribly puzzling me, the appropriate thing to say in congratulation.—Maynell's Biography of Beaconsfield.

Cakes as Love Letters.

The Hungarian gypsies use cakes as love letters. A coin is baked into the sweetmeat, which is then thrown at the lady as she passes by. If she eats the cake and returns the coin all is well, but if she should fling back the silver it would be fatal to the lover's hopes. Among the savages of the Arabian desert the girl is approached without ceremony while pasturing her flocks. She resists strenuously, attacking her suitor with sticks and stones. If he succeeds in driving her into her father's tent she is his, but if she should resist him lifelong disgrace would be his portion.

Curb the Temper.

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

A Guess at It.

Teacher (of class in grammar)—What do you understand by "parts of speech?"

Tommy—It's—it's when a man stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

GUMMING THE STAMPS.

Precautions Taken to Insure Uniformity in the Work.

The precautions taken to insure uniformity in the gumming of postage stamps are the most interesting part of the work. Each morning when the workmen report for duty they get a series of blanks, which they are to fill out during the day as their work progresses. The government keeps a most careful account of every ounce of gum given them and every sheet of stamps they handle. The system is an absolute check on the stamp sheets, but was designed to insure the use of the proper quantity of gum in proportion to the stamp sheets.

When they start work in the morning each of the men is charged with 1,000 sheets of stamps and twenty-six pounds of gum. He must spread that amount of gum over the given number of sheets. Exhaustive experiments and exact scientific calculations have determined the proportion of gum and paper. Rigid and continuous inspection and the keeping of a running account with each operator in the gumming room make it almost impossible to neglect any sheet or to dispose of the gum except by spreading it with absolute uniformity over the sheets. The little vats which hang over the rollers contain delicate instruments which show the temperature at which the gum is kept and its specific gravity. From time to time the superintendent of the gumming room inspects these instruments. He requires an absolute temperature of 80 degrees and a specific gravity of 20.—New York Tribune.

How Work Kills Music.

Did you ever hear of a telegrapher who could play the piano? If so, how many? Not how many pianos, of course, but how many telegraphers. Telegraph operators find that after they have worked at a key for several years their fingers and their fingers lose that flexibility that is essential to musically work on the piano. As many of the men are fond of music and have pianos of their own they find it hard to be cut off from the enjoyment of the music they could make for themselves if it were not for the strained conditions of the muscles.

There are few other lines of work that incapacitate a man for picking out the sharps and flats, but the telegraphers say that they know few men in their ranks who can use a piano with any effect.

When they sit down before one their first move is the old impulse that operating the key gives them. They want to use that finger that they use in sending messages, and they find it difficult even after they struggle for a long time to make themselves players of more than ordinary attainments.—Chicago Tribune.

Facial Resemblance.

"Physiologists tell us," observed a well known lawyer the other day, "that no two faces are exactly alike, and I think they are correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of another. That this is largely a matter of imagination can be proved by investigation. For example, I have in my office a clerk who is constantly mistaken for myself. Several people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I deny the relationship. In order to ascertain how much reason there was for these statements I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week, and we both had our pictures taken together, and I would defy any one to point out a single point of resemblance.

"My clerk, however, regards the matter as a good joke, and I half suspect that he acknowledges relationship in a good many cases intentionally so as to cause complications. I have shown the photograph to several people who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and it is impossible to convince them against their will."—New York Mail and Express.

Disraeli's Love.

In his young days Disraeli fell under the spell of the "gorgeous Lady Blessington," to whom he wrote letters breathing something more than friendship. For example, in 1834:

I was so sorry to leave London without being a moment alone with you, but, although I came to the opera the last night on purpose, fate was against us. I did not reach this place until Sunday, very ill indeed from the pangs of parting. Indeed I feel as desolate as a ghost, and I do not think that I ever shall be able to settle to anything again. It is a great shame, when people are happy together, that they should be ever separated, but it seems the great object of all human legislation that people should never be happy together.

"Dyspepsia," he writes a few months later, "always makes me wish for a civil war. In the meantime I amuse myself by county politics." Four years afterward "dearest Lady Blessington" had become "my dear lady," but the friendship lasted after his marriage "with my dear Mary Anne, who I am sure will be delighted by finding herself under a roof that has proved to me at all times so hospitable and devoted."—Meynell's Biography of Disraeli.

She Did Not Drop.

"Delia!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."

"Yes, ma'am."

"If I should happen to drop off call me at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am."

So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking 6 and calls indignantly:

"Delia!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do you call me at 5 o'clock as I ordered?"

"Shure, ma'am, ye told me to call ye if ye dropped. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all. Ye was lyin' in the bed in the same place sound asleep."

Executive Ability.

Little Elsie—Papa, what is executive ability?

Professor Broadhead—The faculty of earning your bread by the sweat of other people's brows, my son.—Puck.

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to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked **MEAT**

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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Smethport, Pa.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

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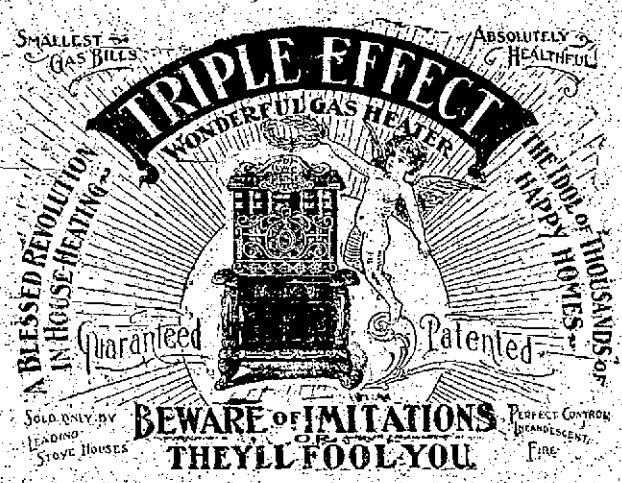


These Heaters need no pushing. We simply want you to know that we have them as usual.

A full line of others also.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the supper and dance at the hose house to-night.

—Bell, Bros., Olean, have a new advertisement in this issue.

—J. Colegrove has something to say about coffee in his ad to-day.

—The Cosmopolitan for November is out and is a most interesting number.

—In a fire in a tenement house in New York last Saturday night 25 persons lost their lives.

—If you are interested in music or musical instruments C. A. Burdick's change of ad will interest you.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will serve a chicken dinner at Epworth chapel Tuesday, Nov. 10, from 5:30 to 8 o'clock. Everybody come.

—Mitchell day was celebrated in Scranton by a parade of 50,000 miners. Mr. Mitchell is the most popular labor leader in the world, as he deserves to be.

—Sixteen persons were killed and 50 injured Saturday in a railroad collision near Indianapolis, Ind., Saturday morning. Nearly all were Purdee University students and members of the football team.

—The Bradford fire department had a lively time last Saturday night. While attempting to put out a fire the crowd guyed them and threw things at them and they in turn turned the hose on the crowd.

—Fire broke out Saturday evening in that portion of the Vatican containing the Hall of Inscription, where the Pope gives his audiences and which is adjacent to the famous pinacotica, or gallery of pictures. The fire did considerable damage and caused great excitement in Rome.

—Benjamin F. Weisinger, who lives on a farm near Pottsville, Pa., became enraged over a dispute about doing chores and shot and killed his two brothers and then tried to kill his sister and sister-in-law. He afterwards held a posse at bay nine hours before he was captured.

—The football and highball are both attended with danger and the pitched ball strikes with great force. The "grand ball" which attracts young girls and youths is much criticised. The cannon ball and rifle ball are fatal when accurately aimed. A man who permits himself to become "balled up" in his affairs is unfortunate. The ball and chain form a most unhappy combination. But the bawl of the hard loser is the most unpopular of all varieties.—Random Notes in Bradford Era.

—"A Foxy Tramp" appeared at the Lyceum Friday evening before a large audience and the best we can say for it is that it is an ordinary comedy drama very poorly presented. John Curry, in the role of the villain, and Edythe James, the leading lady, acted like school children, and George F. Cotter, as the Foxy Tramp, might be all right in a second comedy negro character, but as a leading man he is not so foxy as the average theatre goer expects for the price. This crowd might please Port Alleganians, but before they can expect to please the general public the above weak spots will have to be strengthened. We understand two of those mentioned were released Saturday morning.

The Bashi-bazouk.

Like each of the various clans of the Kurds, the bashi-bazouk can easily be distinguished by his costume. His shoes or "yemenys" (meaning leather) are red or black. His gollike stockings, which leave the knee exposed, are elaborately embroidered in black, his short Turkish trousers are of home-spun, while about his waist is a short sash of wool or silk, surmounted by a leather belt in rich colors and embossed in red. This is divided into three or four sections, in which he keeps his revolver, his chibouk or pipe and his yatighan, always kept sharp. The bashi-bazouks never carry daggers, as the Circassians do. A cartridge box hangs from the side, as also a small silver snuffbox. They wear two jackets—the under one with short sleeves and the outside one with long. At the elbow is an opening in which they carry in a leather bag written quotations from the Koran as a talisman to protect them from the bullets of the adversary. About the neck is a chain of silver coins, from which is suspended a powder box.

Monte Carlo's Black List.

It is usually imagined that any one may enter the gambling saloons of Monte Carlo and try his or her luck at the tables where roulette, trente-et-quarante and baccarat are played. But the Prince of Monaco has made a rule that no resident in his "dominion" is to be allowed admission, and the privilege is consequently denied his "people."

The casino authorities decline admission on their own account to any person who on a previous occasion may have lost all his money at the tables and may have had to ask for financial assistance from them to procure a railway ticket for home.

To secure this money one goes to the office of the administration, which is at the top of a steep staircase, and after signing sundry documents the victim has to sit to a photographer. This photograph is preserved for future reference, and the man who is on this black list has very little chance of renewing acquaintance with the gilded saloons until he has repaid the debt.

The Other Way.

Maude—So Jack is engaged, is he? And is Lucy the bride to be?

Irene—No; she's the tried to be.

Artists' Anachronisms.

Some years ago there was exhibited in London a beautiful picture of an Italian country interior, perfect in every detail but one, for on a wall of the interior was a small picture of a very up to date locomotive, and in the same year the writer saw among the academy pictures a presentment of a cavalier, evidently waiting impatiently for his lady to keep the tryst, consulting a watch which would have done credit to a twentieth century watchmaker, while on another canvas a peninsular veteran, who was fighting his battles over again for the benefit of admiring rustics at the village inn, was wearing an unmistakable Victoria cross about forty years before this badge of valor came into existence.

In his magnificent picture in the Royal Exchange of scared Londoners escaping in boats from the horrors of the great fire of 1666 Stanhope Forbes introduced vessels of a type which, it is said, the Thames has never known, and another artist of repute armed the children of Israel with guns, presumably for self protection, while they were occupied in gathering manna.—Stray Stories.

Knew What He Was Doing.

The affability of a candidate for parliamentary honors has a great effect, and many a vote is secured by means of it. But it would seem that effusiveness and affability are sometimes indulged in for quite a different reason when men are wooing a constituency. An incident in an east end election proved this. One of the candidates was extremely gushing and the election agent, when in conversation with a keen supporter, said:

"It is a grand idea, that of Mr. ——. He is not only not satisfied with shaking hands with the voters in the ordinary way, but whenever he meets them he grabs both hands and shakes them effusively."

"I see," said the supporter. "But don't you think that that's rather overdoing it?"

"Well, it may look like that," returned the agent, "but Mr. —— knows his business, and he knows that so long as he holds on to both of their hands he is safe."—London Tit-Bits.

A Striking Presentment.

It is curious how future events are occasionally prefigured by some apparently insignificant circumstance. Thus, on the day on which Charles II. was born, there was given by his father the very unique solution of the "Ocean Specter," by which he was always called. The great royalist never knew of the weird significance his playfully bestowed appellation was to bear, for he himself had been nearly two years in his grave at the time his little "Ocean Specter," then a lieutenant in the royal navy, died and was buried at sea.

A Monument to Folly.

There stands on Charlton hill in England a colossal structure known as "Jezreel tower," which was erected some years ago by a religious sect, long extinct, called Jezreelites. Their leader preached a faith which promised immortality to all its believers. Money flowed into its exchequers, and the Temple of Jezreel was begun "for the housing of 144,000 persons who were not to taste death." Before it was completed, the faith of the Jezreelites received a double shock from the disappearance of their money and the death of their leader. But the great mass of bricks and iron still remains, a monument to latter day credulity.

A Pretty Compliment.

Sir William Harcourt, a political rival but still an admirer of Disraeli, once paid a pretty compliment to Lady Beaconsfield.

He was dining with the Disraelis and sat beside the hostess, who observed that he was looking at the picture of a lightly robed lady on the wall opposite and said, "It oughtn't to be allowed in here, but it is nothing to the Venus that Dizzy has up in his bedroom." "That I can well believe," replied he with a gallant bow. This was one of the rare occasions on which Disraeli smiled.—Meynell's Biography of Beaconsfield.

A Cent.

A cent is a little thing, but in the aggregate it is mighty. We speak of the "copper cent," but it is not entirely copper. Its composition is 95 per cent copper, 3 per cent tin and 2 per cent zinc. That alloy is in reality bronze, and the official name of the cent is "bronze." There used to be a copper cent, but in not discontinuing its coinage was passed in 1857. For seven years (1857-64) we had a nickel cent and up to 1857 a copper half cent.

Sounded Like a Reproof.

A lady in passing up a church aisle caught her dress on a corner of a pew and tore it. As the process of tearing was very audible to the congregation the feelings of the lady may be imagined when at that moment the clergyman began the service by reading the sentence:

"Rend your hearts and not your garments."

Poetry.

Weaver—Poetry is something that is born in some one. It cannot be acquired. The making of poetry is a gift.

Beaver—So is the disposing of it, so far as I have had any experience.

"It"

Is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GRANULE FOOD CO., La Rue, N. Y.

Eskimo Gambling.

Those who have spent any time in the north polar regions and become acquainted with the life and habits of the Eskimo know that he is by nature a gambler. A favorite method of gambling that affords much amusement is to take one of the long handled musk ox cups and, partly filling it with soup or stew made from the seal or walrus, whirl it on the top of a flat rock, about which are grouped those who have entered the game. The person to whom the handle of the cup points when it has stopped turning is the winner of the contents of the cup.

When the winner has emptied the cup then another article, not always or necessarily a soup or stew, is put into it for the next winner. If, however, the article is too large to put into the cup—for instance, a walrus tusk or seal hide or what else—then it may be represented by something else. The cup is then sent spinning again, and when it comes to a rest the winner takes the prize. One of the most valuable prizes, next to a gun or harpoon, is a needle, especially when one is very much needed in the household.

The Real Thing in Toothaches.

"Quewhitaker! Jumping Moses! But it was the worst case of toothache I ever bumped against!" he said. "It was easy in the early part of the evening, but when midnight arrived it got busy for fair. Liniment, hot and cold water and all the rest of the standard remedies were applied without avail. Seven thousand demons, with 7,000 red hot sledges, hammered, hammered and hammered away at the throbbing nerve. That tooth stood upon its head, rolled over the carpet and hung out of the window. It growled, grumbled, moaned and mumbered, laughed, cried, ran, walked, trotted, galloped, sailed, flew, dug and excavated and did everything under the heavens but quit and go to sleep like a decent tooth and stop monkeying."

"And why didn't you have it extracted?"

"Just as soon as Brown could get to the dentist's he"—

"Great Scott, man! Wasn't it your tooth?"

"No. It was Brown's."—New York Press.

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have very acute vision perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see objects sideways as well as in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find infinite scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of an object. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

President For a Day.

David R. Atchison of Missouri had the unique honor of being president of the United States for one day, and that was Sunday, March 4, 1849. The term of James K. Polk expired on the morning of that day, but, as it was Sunday, the president elect, General Zachary Taylor, was not inaugurated until next day, March 5. In consequence the president pro tem. of the United States senate, D. R. Atchison, was the acting president on March 4, 1849. However, he had presided at a night session of the senate, which lasted until away after midnight of Saturday, and he slept nearly all day Sunday, without realizing the fact that he was president of the United States.

Light Lunch and Music.

A country girl in Dublin went into a restaurant for her lunch. She was asked if she would have a meat dinner or "light lunch and music." Being curious, she chose the light lunch and music and was immediately shown into a room where other inquisitive peeples were eating soup and listening to a spirited if not satisfying performance upon the jewsharp by one of the waiters. She felt at the end of the meal that she had paid high for curiosity but she could make no complaint.

Grotesque.

Irate Husband—If I'm to believe what you say, why on earth did you marry me, madam?

Wife—I remember I had at the time quite a craze for collecting grotesque curios—Chinese and Japanese hobgoblins and such like—and you were the only man to match my collection.

A Real Absent Minded Man.

The most absent minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the man who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on the peg—no, but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood behind the door.—Exchange.

Why, Indeed?

She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him?

He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Mill Sts. Smethport.

BABY SALE.

There are a great many hungry hearted women who would attend a baby sale if babies were ever offered for sale, because there are a great many wives who love children and have been told by physicians that they can never hope to nurse a child of their own.

Some of these women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of womanly ills have been made happy mothers as a result of the cure of womanly disease and the building up of the general health.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I wrote to you some time ago to get information about my case," says Mrs. Mary Lee Flannery, of Dryden, Va., "I was troubled with female weakness and pains. Received answer from you, advising me to take Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and found it did me good. I had been married four years and had no children, now I can say that our house is blessed with a little baby boy, born July 10th, by the help of God and your medicine. I praise your medicine highly.

"You can publish this letter if you wish."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY

We need 25 young men now to qualify for good office positions this year. Graduates of past 21 years for reference. Send for booklet and rates. Students begin any time.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

That is the Coffee for Me.

That is what many a good judge has said after trying Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand of Mocha and Java. It has a rich taste, a pleasing aroma and a clear, deep amber color which win coffee drinkers, no matter how high priced coffee they are accustomed to use.

I have the exclusive sale of this coffee and have had it for 10 years and have yet to find a customer we could not please. Our coffee trade has increased over 100 per cent since we got this coffee agency and we consider ourselves fortunate to hold the agency instead of our competitos

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's LINE OF BREAD, PIES, etc., are the BEST

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1903.

Announcement.

For Supervisor.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. P. BECKWITH.

Ormsby, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903.

A VERY light vote was polled in this county but the Republicans were all elected by handsome pluralities.

THE Prohibitionists made a good showing in this county last Tuesday. But of course the absence of a Democratic county ticket had much to do in bringing about this result.

THE Prohibitionists elected S. M. Love auty commissioner last Tuesday. This must be a sad blow to Democracy in this county. Unless they are careful they will lose their county commissioner two years hence.

JUDGE MONTGOMERY has every reason to feel proud of the endorsement he got at the hands of the voters of this county last Tuesday. In nearly every district in this county he ran far ahead of the ticket and in those places where he was best known he received handsome pluralities. Out of the 917 votes cast in this borough he received 949.

AT the head of this column will be found the announcement of W. P. Beckwith for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Beckwith is a man most capable of filling this position. He has had considerable experience in roadmaking and his reputation for honesty is ample assurance that if elected he will put forth his best efforts in handling the township funds correctly and giving the public good roads. His sturdy Republicanism entitles him to the support of his party.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2, 1903.

Visitors to the White House are at present received a little later than usual as the President devotes as much time as possible each morning to the work on his annual message to Congress, which he dictates to Secretary Loeb, who is one of the most competent stenographers in the country. Last year the chief topic in the President's message was the public regulation of corporations, but the laws enacted by Congress on this subject are regarded as satisfactory and the trusts are now left to the Department of Justice and to the Department of Commerce and Labor. There is not the slightest chance of any material trust legislation at the next regular session. The President will refrain also from any suggestion which would lead to the consideration of the tariff. The reconstruction of the financial system will be discussed to some extent, but the President agrees with the party leaders that there is little need at this time for remedial legislation. The main topics in the message will be the Isthmian canal, the needs of Alaska, the Philippines, the upbuilding of the navy, irrigation, land laws and the Indians. Reference will be made also to the postal frauds and the punishment of the offenders. Members of Congress and the general public expect from the President and the State Department news of the negotiations and the present prospects of canal legislation, and the message will doubtless contain a full discussion of the subject. Governor Taft and the War Department have supplied the President with a mass of facts from which he can describe the needs of the Philippine Islands and suggest legislation of different kinds. President Roosevelt believes that Alaska has a great future and his discussion of the conditions in the territory will be made easier by the facts which have been furnished him by the sub-committee of the Senate which visited the territory this summer. Considerable legislation for Alaska is part of the Republican plan for the winter and the President's suggestions will be especially important. The improvement of the navy is a popular theme with the President and he will make a plea for ample funds for gun practice and allowances for prizes to encourage readiness for an emergency. He will warn against any [illegible] ing the navy in large and power[illegible] With reference to the pos[illegible]s the President hopes to sho[illegible] a matter has been so thoroughly Co[illegible] ed by the government that [illegible] not need to make an in[illegible] its own. He will make p[illegible]ing in the clearest and [illegible]nsive manner, so that he may be regarded as com[illegible]

[illegible] the National Republican Ex[illegible] committee will meet here to consi[illegible]ime and place for the next nation[illegible]ention. For some time it has been rumored in Republican circles that owing to his ill health, Senator Hanna's place as chairman of the committee would be vacant and there has been much speculation as to his successor. Former Governor Orane has been mentioned as the most likely candidate, although Senator Lodge has also been named. However Senator Hanna's health has now greatly improved and it is more than possible that President Roosevelt will try to induce him to retain his position so that the Republicans can have the benefit of his experience and judgment. The disturbed condition of business affairs in some places makes it possible that the campaign may be fraught with difficulties and with such a leader as Gorman at work it will be necessary to keep a sharp lookout, as he will not fight on serious national issues, but seems bent on "mud slinging." This is a very strong reason, even if there were no others, for removing Perry S. Heath from the position of secretary of the committee. He is too closely identified with the postal scandals. The Tulloch charges accuse him of serious indiscretions, while he held the position of First Assistant Postmaster General, and it is rumored that the Bristow report accuses him of official corruption of such kind that only the statute of limitations can save him from indictment. Innocent or guilty, he would be an object of attack from Gorman or other leaders and it is best for the party that he should go.

Friends of an isthmian canal are somewhat alarmed by reports from the West which indicate that in the Pacific coast States a systematic attempt is being quietly made to convince the people of that section that the advantage to all that part of the country in the trade with the Orient will be destroyed if the canal should be built. The argument is based upon the fact that the geographical position of the Pacific coast is such that the products of that part of the country will have a marked advantage over other sections in the trade with the Orient and that all importations will have to enter through the ports of the Pacific coast while if the canal were completed there would be competition from the East and from Europe. It is not known whether this argument will have potent influence with the present delegation in Congress, but it indicates that strong interests in the country are opposed to canal construction.

President Roosevelt has written a letter to the Interstate Levee Convention in New Orleans in which he expresses a keen interest in the proposal to protect the Mississippi lowlands by levees. He declares that such protection is of importance to the whole country, no less than to the people immediately adjoining the river. He wishes the convention success and says he will follow its proceedings closely. Fifteen States are represented and it has been resolved to appeal to the Federal Government for adequate aid to build levees on both banks of the river and to maintain them at the maximum grade, thereby making possible the reclamation and protection of the alluvial lands and improvement of navigation. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson was present at the convention and expressed thorough sympathy with its purpose.

A small flurry was created at the Japanese Legation here by the publication of a telegram of General MacArthur, dated Manila, December 28, 1900, in which the General declared that evidence had been discovered of the dealings between an official of the Japanese consulate at Manila and the insurgent leader Trias. Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister here, has given out a long interview in which he declares that General MacArthur must have been mistaken and that Japan desired no concessions from the Philippine insurgents. The controversy has not yet been settled and the Japanese declare that it is an attempt to alienate American sympathy from Japan in case of a conflict with Russia. General MacArthur must have had some grounds for his accusations and Japan's explanations will be interesting.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 31, 1903:

Mrs. Thos. Burlleon, George Drew, A. T. Frackelton, John Irons, Filippo Franz di Vincenzo, Miss Sara Wilcox.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

A new lot of silverware and novelties at Holder's.

C. A. BURDICK'S
MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.
BELL BROS.
LADIEL' AND CHILDRENS COATS

From New York manufacturers have come about one hundred new coats bought by Mr. Bell during the past week. Coats that are strictly right in every way, style, workmanship and material.

Ladies new military style coats in all wool kersey and black and castor, shoulder capes, box plaited backs, gilt and gun metal buttons lined through with satin. $10.00

Possibly you want to pay more than $10 for a coat; want something finer and more elaborately trimmed, better linings, etc. In that case we offer at $12.50, $15.00 and $18.00 will certainly catch your eye for they are beauties, lined all through with guaranteed satin. And as to the style and workmanship we will let you to be the judge.

Children's coats, full length, ages 2 to 6 years, colors red, navy, castor and brown $1.98 $2.75 $3.50 $5

For Girls, 4 to 14 years, full length Zibeline coats, very latest styles of the season $4.98.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S
Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

THE FAMOUS
Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Boldly and Truthfully

we state that we can produce
Better Styles,
Better Fitting Clothing,
Finer Shoes, Hats, Underwear,
&c., at

LOWER PRICES

Than the whole combination of competitors in this city.

It will not cost you a cent to look us over.

Wm. Monheimer.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts

respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

When The Leaves Begin To Turn

And the cool breezes blow from the north the man who cares to dress well begins to think of a new suit. There is good sense in thinking about it, for, though often wrong, the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes.

Dress well, but dress economically. Get the most for your money. We aim to supply the clothing wants of every man in Smethport.

We cater to all classes.

We have on hand ready for your inspection a full line of the following:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Young's and Bonar's Hats.
Terlinne Union Made Shoes.
Superior Sweaters.

And we can also make you a suit or overcoat to order.

Call in and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

Your old and Reliable Clothier

H. W. RUBIN.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to store of

D. C. YOUNG

and do your trading. Best assorted stock in town. Do not forget to ask for

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

When you get a book filled you can get one of the finest premiums ever offered in exchange for trading stamps. If you have not already seen the premiums it will pay you to call and look them over. Then look over premiums given by dealers in other trading stamps and you can satisfy yourself which are the best. To those merchants who are sneaking about town exchanging inferior stamps for purple trading stamps, would say, come to my store and I can make arrangements for you to have all the stamps and get them in an honorable way. If there are any of my customers who have been taken in by this underhanded dealing, would say to them, come to my store and start a new book on same terms your original book was started.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 27, 1903.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings
Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.
Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the

Glone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks and Shoes.

Underskirts **Underskirts**

Two Great Values.

Taffeta Silk Underskirts in Black, Gray and Blue - - - $4.89.

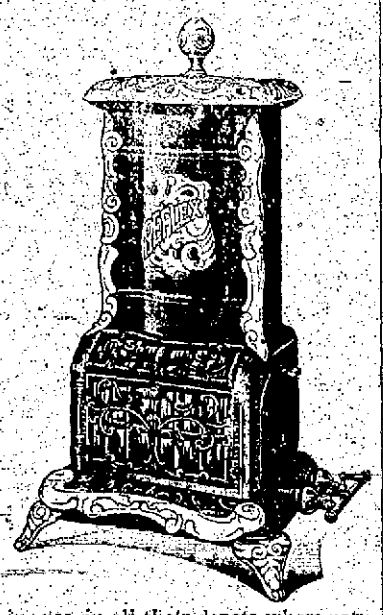
Black Mercerized Underskirts. Good $1.25 values - - 98c

Waists **Waists**

We have a complete line of the smartest styles in Fancy Cotton Vestings and Mohairs. Prices $1.50 to $2.98.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Look up Brasted's change of advertisement in this issue.

—"The Burglar" will be at the Lyceum next Monday night.

—Read what Holmes & Gilfillan have to say in their advertisement.

—Consult the change of advertisement of Fry & Herzog in this issue.

—Some bargains are offered in F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s advertisement this week.

—A branch of the McKean County Humane Society has been organized in Mt. Jewett.

—See the big piano sale advertisement of the Temple Music Store, Olean, on the last page.

—Miss Rena Gallup entertained a number of friends at her home on Green street Thursday evening.

—This year Alfred adds to its subjects offered to students elementary courses in Agriculture and Law.

—Margarette Grier, graduate of Warner's Business College, has secured a sixteen-dollar-a-week position at Pittsburg.

—Mrs. Warley Gifford gave a card party for a number of ladies at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Married, by Justice B. L. Knapp, Friday evening last, Mr. Merritt J. Flint and Mrs. Minnie Guyer, both of Rossburg, N. Y.

—"Israel, the Nation of Blessing" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "Weather and Character" is his evening subject.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects of the lessons will be, "Freedom by the Truth" and "The Meaning of Baptism."

—We understand that Chas. Ainsworth of Annin township recently purchased a stolen horse and buggy. While Mr. Ainsworth was perfectly innocent of any wrong doing he is out the price paid as the owner has claimed the rig.

—The L. O. T. M. of this place visited their sisters at Crosby yesterday afternoon, where they were royally entertained.

—The young man who treats his fellows with respect is more to be commended than the one who treats them with whiskey. And it's cheaper.

—Lost, in Smethport, on Thursday evening, Oct. 29, a light lizard-skin pocketbook, containing a small amount of change and several of the owner's cards. Finder please leave at this office.

—Yesterday afternoon Justice B. L. Knapp pronounced the words which united for life Mr. William W. Penn of Kushequa and Miss Lottie Lamb of Smethport. Congratulations are extended.

—If you ask your dealer for some well-known advertised remedy, because you have confidence in its cures do not allow yourself to be switched off to a medicine claimed to be "just as good," but which you do not ask for and of which you know nothing.

—The Troubadours at the Lyceum last night was a first-class attraction and the entire audience was well pleased. Every number on the program was good. The contortionist and the trick bicycle rider were exceptionally fine and brought forth many rounds of applause.

—An exchange asks: "Who is the happier—the man who owns $100,000 or the man who has seven daughters?" The man with a surplus of girls, of course. The man with the money is not satisfied and wants more. The man with the seven daughters is satisfied—he has enough.

—The store and residence of W. E. Pelton at Wrights, this county, was destroyed by fire last Friday morning. Most of the contents of both the store and house were destroyed and it was only by hard work that adjoining property was saved. It is supposed that the fire was started by a spark from the P. R. R. flyer.

—The Chadwick orchestra of Smethport came up last Friday evening and played for the ball in the Mountain opera house. The music was fine and all were well pleased. This is a new ganization under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Chadwick, graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, of which Smethport may well be pleased.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus visited Eldred yesterday.

Mrs. J. H. Green visited Bradford friends Monday.

Samuel Huff of Rew City was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar are visitors in town.

Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark was in Buffalo on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown of Hazelhurst were in town yesterday.

Mrs. C. A. Burdick and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley are visiting in Buffalo.

C. H. Beckwith of Olean was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Harry Douglas was the guest of his parents in Bradford over Sunday.

A. L. Barton of Eldred had business in town to-day and called this office a pleasant call.

J. A. Elliott of Mansfield spent Sunday with his daughter, Miss Beatrice Elliott, who is a teacher in our schools.

Messrs. S. F. Redfield, Horace King, Jeoffrey Mayo and Leo Herzog attended a phantom party at Port Allegany last Friday night.

A Letter from Harry Hallman.

We have received a letter from Harry Hallman, who is now a high-seaman on the new battleship Maine. Harry is well pleased with life in the navy and speaks in the highest terms of his chosen work.

He gives the following description of the Maine and its crew which may be interesting: "She carries 600 sailors, 75 marines and 30 officers. The Maine's battery is composed of the following: Four 12-inch guns—two forward and two aft—on her gun deck; sixteen 6-inch guns; four 3-pounders, two forward and two aft, four 12-pounders and four gatling guns up in the filling tops, and there is also four rapid-fire guns—two forward and aft.

"The Maine is fitted with an ice plant. We have a large club room for exercising. It is fitted with dumb bells, Indian clubs, boxing gloves, a horizontal bar, etc. We have another large room for smoking and playing games. All gambling is strictly forbidden.

"My duty is on the forward port watch. I am assigned to a 6-inch gun. I shove in her shell and close the breech. At present I have five hours on and fifty-eight hours off, but when we are in action we will be busy all the time. I am anxious to give her a trial to see what kind of fighting we can do.

"Well, we are off now for a tour and perhaps you will hear from me later."

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

Just received a new lot of watches and jewelry at Holder's, the Carter store.

SMETHPORT LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, November 9.

The Best Play of the Season.

Mr. A. Q. Scammon's

Splendid Company

IN

MR. GUS THOMAS'

—Successful Comedy Drama—

THE GREATEST OF

AMERICAN PLAYS

As produced at the

Madison Square Theatre, N. Y.

"THE BURGLAR."

A Drama of intermingled laughter and tears.—Presented with great cast of popular players

Direction of

A. Q. SCAMMON.

Prices, 25, 35, 50, 75

New Goods

coming in every day.

Our stock of

MILLINERY

is very large and up-to-date in every respect.

We also carry a large stock of ladies' furnishing. An elegant line of furs just received.

Ask for purple stamps.

Mrs. H. C. Hinman,

Smethport, Pa.

Love Mother.

Young man, did you ever put your arms around your dear old mother who has loved and cared for you, and tell her that you love her and are grateful for the tears she has shed and the prayers she has offered for you? She may think that you love her without your assuring her that you do, but it costs you but little effort to tell her and your words may bring more joy and sunshine to her heart than you ever dreamed of. Some young men will pay $2 for a livery rig to ride three hours with a 75-cent girl and tell her all the nice things that he can think of that are true, and more that are not true, and don't spend five cents or five minutes in a year to show their old mother that they care anything for her.

So writes, somebody whose heart is in the right place.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

RUGS

BARGAIN PRICES

The facts are these:—A large rug house sent us on consignment a fine selection of good rugs with instructions to hold a special sale and return unsold pieces to them, if any were left; hence we are selling this lot in a way that means an average saving to you of one quarter from regular prices.

Handsome designs and good qualities characterize the whole assortment.

This is an opportunity you cannot afford to miss.

4 Brussels Rugs	27x54 in.	worth $1.75.	Special each	$1.25
6 Velvet "	27x54 "	2.00.	" "	1.50
6 Smyrna "	26x60 "	2.00.	" "	1.50
6 " "	30x65 "	2.25.	" "	1.75
3 " "	36x76 "	3.25.	" "	2.50
2 " "	4x7 ft.	6.00.	" "	4.50
5 Axminster Rugs	18x36 in	worth $1.35.	Special each	1.15
18 Axminster & Moquet Rugs	27x63 in	worth $2.75.	Special each	2.25
7 " "	30x72 "	4.50.	" "	3.50

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

YOU'LL HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE

That there is an advantage and a satisfaction in getting your

Horse Blankets

from the largest and most complete stock to select from.

Ours are from the celebrated Northern Ohio Blanket Mills and we buy them direct, thereby giving our customers the advantage of a large stock to select from at the very lowest prices.

STREET BLANKETS, all wool, large, square, fancy, guaranteed fast colors.

STABLE BLANKETS, extra heavy duck in different colors or burlap, full half or quarter lined, bound neck and breast, with 2 heavy wide surcingles, the kind that stay on.

Patent waterproof rain covers.

Montana buffalo, plush and wool robes.

Trading Stamps.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

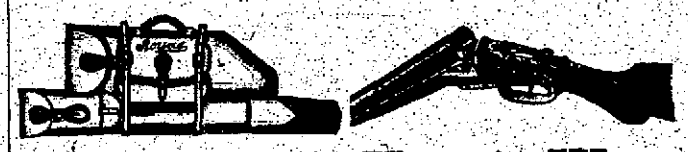
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

A CARD.

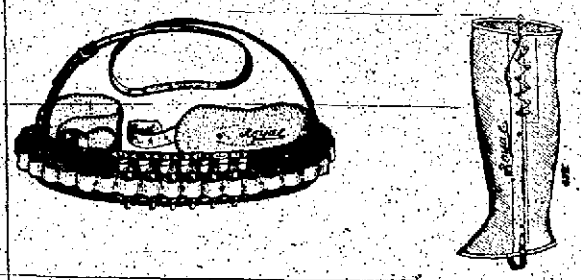
We are now buying our fall goods preparing for Christmas. We will show you as fine a line of foreign and domestic goods as can be found in any city. Watch this space for later announcements.

PRILL.
ART JEWELER,
7 MAIN ST. BRADFORD.

HEADQUARTERS For Guns and Sporting Goods.



If a Hunter Uses it We Have it.



J. C. HAMLIN

RUNNING of A MUDLARK

By Curran
Richard Greenley

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

"Mudlark" Jim resented the derisive title and was filled with a longing to fall upon and rend the line of grinning stable boys who yelled and hooted as Joe led Bareshanks out for his exercise. The shabby blanket draped around the gaunt legs, and the bald Roman nose was stretched to its farthest as Bareshanks sniffed at the wet morning. Out in the east a rift of sickly yellow barred the sky. Jim scrambled up, and they went slowly out on the track to the accompaniment of "Hayrack!" "Ki-yi! Get on to de moonshine tru his ribs!" "Three legged skate!" and a chorus of groans.

Jim's thin little arms went around the bony neck, while a tear trickled a white line down the grime on his cheek. The keen wind cut through the lad's jacket, and the little hands that gripped the bridle were blue with cold. Underneath the track was already sticky. As Jim turned into the Rein, where later the little red flag would mark the course from one ugly ditch to another, Bareshanks laid down to his work. The slippery turf slid away from under his great hoofs in a green glimmer as they rose from hurdle to hurdle.

Over and over the course swept Bareshanks and Jim, while at the stables in the doorway of Mayer Bros.' quarters a man stood peering through field glasses at the brown blur that swept around the field.

Jim slipped to the ground. The sweat pouring from horse and boy alike. Joe, his sulky face hid under the peak of his cap, gave him a sly glance as he blanketed the horse and led him inside. Jim turned with a question in his eyes to the man who stood pulling his gray mustache and looking away into space. Jim twitched his sleeve, and he looked down into the small, pinched face, its very eagerness rendering it thinner and more pathetic, and answered the unspoken query.

"Yes, he'll do. In for a penny, in for a pound, but if he falls I'll see that you get back to the cut-throw all right."

"And him," Jim pointed to where the bony nose showed through the open door.

"The man touched shortly. "A bullet through his ugly head." The boy shrank back and slipped through the door. He perceived, he girled down in the straw almost at the feet of Bareshanks, who munched contentedly at his private oats.

Other eyes had watched that morning gallop. Joe, the groom, had finished the rubbing down when, with an eye on the silent figure outside the door, he snatched from its nail the bridle that Bareshanks must wear in the coming race; drew a bottle of colorless liquid from his pocket and poured a few drops over the bit. Bright eyes watched from the shadow of the feed box, and when Joe, his work done, disappeared Jim jerked the bridle down and smelled it. There was not the slightest scent. He hung the bridle back again and resumed his place between the horse's legs, a look of owlish gravity on the queer, puckered, old young face.

The hours wore on. Over on the track, where a drizzling rain fell steadily, men went up and down in mackintoshes. Women in short skirts gathered in knots upon the grand stand, their eyes fever bright with excitement. The crowd grew steadily. Out there, where the little red flags, like points of flame, marked the sizing of the hurdles, the old wagon drawn by the gray work horse stood loaded with the net, and a scurry of boys blew hither and thither in the wake of the different owners.

There had been wild work when Joe essayed to lead Bareshanks out. An old rope halter hung where the bridle should have been. Joe jerked ashy. Jim stuck like a bur to Bareshanks and trailed at his heels in his patched and stained jacket, a mere apology for owner's colors. Neither horse, owner nor jockey was a favorite on the Downs. True to the primeval instinct, the rout was hostile to the shabby entourage. Nevertheless there was no open affront. Landon evidently possessed some kind of a pull with Mayer Bros.; hence his occupancy of one of their stalls and the grudging attendance of Joe.

Jim was ready to mount Bareshanks when the bell tapped, but as he passed the grand stand, still clinging to the old rope halter, the crowd yelled and rose as a man.

Off with the saddle and the weighing done, they were mounted again and filed before the grand stand, Bareshanks' ugly head reared above his fellows. Then as they would have passed into the field a voice from the judges' stand halted them. "What's the matter with that boy on No. 5? That's no bridle. Where'd he get that halter?"

All eyes turned on Jim, who wheeled Bareshanks and rode to the front of the judges' stand, while up in the front row a man shook his fist at him and cursed savagely. The small figure straightened in the saddle and, with an appealing glance at the wall of faces, pulled a bridle, bit and all, from the breast of his jacket. An intense silence fell as the childish treble rang out: "Boss, here's the bridle right enough, but I'd ride him with nothin' but a rope halter to Jericho before I'd let it go in his mouth. You can't smell nothin', on you can't see nothin'. But I was settin' down in the corner on a-sayin' nothin' when that black devil pooured somethin' out of a bottle all over it, on when he was gone I just up on swiped it, on I hain't let go of it since. You can see for yourself."

And with a sure aim he bunched the bridle and flung it to the judge.

At the lad's first word there had been a commotion down there among the crowd of grooms in the paddock. A lithe, black form darted across the course and made for the outer gate. A dozen men seized him at once and, then held their breath for the next move in the play.

Old Colonel Cantwell, the judge, stood up and waved for silence. "Bring him another bridle. I'll take care of this one. Now get to the post."

Jim settled in the saddle. Ahead of him the little flags danced in the wind and rain. Garrison's Black Seraph wheeled into Bareshanks, and at the end of the line Morgan's Timber Wolf plunged and reared. Three times the red flag fell, three times they struggled back to the post. Then red down, yellow down and a white of black, bay sorrel and gray swept away, nose and nose, with the rain adrift on flesh of scarlet and blaze of gold.

"Mudlark!" "Old Skate!" It rang in his ears on the whistle of the wind. The first hurdle—Jim felt the long body gather itself, and they were over, leaving the Black Seraph a baker adrift in the field. Timber Wolf led by a head. There were only four now. Jim grinned and inched a little forward as Bareshanks' great hoofs gripped the slippery grass. Grant's Derrydown was second, the long stride of English hunters showing its mettle from great-grandsire to son, Maxton's Red Ruin and Lone's Wild Irishman nose and nose with Bareshanks. Up the slope and over the second hurdle the great shoulders, working with a mighty come and go, Bareshanks forged on, while the Wild Irishman dropped in a heap to scramble out with a wrenched fore leg. Jim laughed aloud as they swept the turn. The third—he had studied it well and knew the rotten bank, where the Timber Wolf landed, struggled a moment and slid down, his fore legs fighting the air. They were close together now. Derrydown first by a shoulder length, Bareshanks next, his ugly, keen head stretched out, with red nostrils wide aflare, and Red Ruin struggling a sorry third.

Over once again. They had made the round once and for the second time had passed the first three hurdles. Bareshanks crept up a few inches on the home stretch, leaving Red Ruin a dozen yards in the rear. The last hurdle lay before them, orange and black thorn, with an ugly stretch of water beyond. Jim's tense little hands swept up, closer to the bit as he poured God knows what prayers and promises into the two ears that lay to the line, ugly head. The full the great muscles sight, the bunching of those awkward looking legs, the surge of the heart against the gaunt ribs, an over—dash—white and the sea of faces rose and surged in the pillow of sound as the bald Roman nose was thrust under the wire, winner by a neck's length.

From the stand above men came down hand over hand, men poured in from the pit, and the shrill clamor of excited women's voices shrilled above the dull roar of the crowd. Jim slid from the saddle and went to the block, staggering under its weight, his stripper body all asquiver, then back to sit motionless, enduring until the moment when Bareshanks, swathed in his shabby blanket, stood the center of the stables' attention and envy, and he awoke and lived again. His arms around the brown neck, his face buried in the scanty mane. There could be no question of a bullet in the head of the winner of the Montgomery steeplechase.

Gladdening a Humorist.

The financial burden which Mark Twain carried some years ago weighed on his mind heavily. In these moments of despondency there was one lucrful friend who could make the humorist forget his troubles. This was Dan Beard, the artist, who illustrated some of Twain's books.

"Dan Beard, there is no tonic that can equal the company of a cheerful man," said the humorist as he entered the artist's studio.

"Ah, but I have such a pleasant subject to work upon that I am not in need of either man or tonic for my cheerfulness," retorted the artist.

"Beg pardon, it is I that need the tonic, and that is why I am here," said Twain forlornly.

"Then allow me to prescribe a dose of your own medicine." And Mark was handed a copy of his book which Beard had been studying.

"I thank you," replied the humorist. "It took me a year to get that medicine out of my system, and I do not propose to imbibe it again."

A discussion of the book was followed by a hearty dinner, and Twain left his friend, having received the cheer that he needed.

He Obeyed Orders.

Old world domestics make the best possible servants because they work like machines, never forgetting an order and doing exactly as they are told, without presuming to think for themselves. But once in awhile this literal adherence to duty produces some awkward results. An American woman living in India, with native servants, once told her butler to see that there was always a napkin at the bottom of the fruit dish, cake basket, etc., when these were brought to the table. The napkin was thereafter always seen in its place. But one day a tureen of vegetable soup was served, and the hostess began to wield the long, old fashioned silver ladle about in it. Something very like a fringed rag made its appearance in the first plateful. The butler was summoned to remove the dish. "It cannot be that the mem sahib found no napkin at the bottom," he hazarded, much distressed because of this unexplained disapproval, "for I myself placed there the largest one I could find."

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaly Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. E. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

WAGNER'S HOME.

How the Great Composer Came to Live in Baireuth.

How Wagner came to make Baireuth its home is a rather interesting story. He had long dreamed of possessing a theater where his compositions could be interpreted to suit his ideas, but had little hope that the dream would ever be fulfilled. When, however, in his period of greatest depression and loneliness he formed the friendship of the late king of Bavaria it seemed suddenly as if all things were possible to him. In 1867 his royal protector instructed the celebrated architect, Gottfried Semper, to prepare the plans for the theater, which was to be built at Munich. Through political and professional dissensions and jealousies the town council of Munich refused permission for the erection of the theater there. In 1871 Wagner visited Baireuth and, after taking counsel with the celebrated bankers, Messrs. Feustel and Gross, decided upon a site in that city. The municipality of the town, correctly estimating the financial advantages which would accrue, presented Wagner with two plots of land, one for the theater and the other for his own house. The latter was immediately built, and in 1872 Wagner removed his family from Tribschen, near Lucerne, to the new home. Wainfried. The corner stone of the theater was laid on his sixtieth birthday, May 22, 1872. It was estimated that the theater would cost $90,000 thalers (about $250,000), and this sum was very largely raised by Wagner societies throughout the world. It was completed in 1876 and dedicated with the presentation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" on Aug. 13 of that year. Since then it has been the Mecca of the lovers of Wagnerian music from all parts of the world.

TEETH AND SIGHT.

Decayed Molars Cause Disturbance of the Optic Nerves.

"Many people who come to me to have their teeth attended to complain incidentally of failing eyesight, and when I tell them that bad teeth in nine cases out of ten are the cause few feel inclined to believe me," said a well known New York dentist.

"Bad sight is generally attributed to overstudy, debilitated constitution and a hundred and one other causes. But have you ever heard any one place the blame on the teeth? Bad teeth are the direct result of insufficient application of the toothbrush, and bad eyesight resulting from the decayed molars exciting disturbances of the ocular nerves, is the next inevitable penalty. That is a fact which seems to be little known.

"The other day I extracted four decayed teeth of a young girl who was almost totally blind. Her pupils were dilated and insensible. A week after I had pulled her teeth her sight was perfectly restored. Two months previous to this cure the girl had been examined by an expert oculist, who, after putting her to various eye tests, designated the case as 'hysterical amblyopia,' and I guess that's about all the satisfaction the girl got, judging by her condition when she came to me. In saying this do not think for a moment that I am in any way prejudiced against oculists. I merely cite the instance.

"In the course of a year I attend to the teeth of scores of people with impaired vision, and in every case where the teeth are drawn the sight is soon after either greatly improved or entirely restored."—New York Times.

Pickwicks In Livery.

The dignity of some fat coachmen in New York is very impressive. Their development is outlined distinctly by their coats. They have swelled steadily and persistently year after year, and every now and then the coats have been let out and the buttons moved to accommodate increasing inches of girth. A coachman's figure has a great deal to do with his success. The attempts of fat men to look lean sometimes verge on the humorous. They hold their heads high to escape the imputation of obesity and puff out their chests heroically. But with all their hauteur, pomposity and pretentious bearing they look only like very fat men in tight clothes, reminiscent of Pickwick in livery.—New York Press.

The Dead Man's Threat.

Returning home recently, a woman who had taken out a summons against her husband, a painter's laborer, on account of his ill treatment, saw by the light of the moon her husband standing, as she thought, behind the door ready to strike her. She ran away, but it was afterward discovered that the man was hanging by a rope from a ventilator over the door with his feet almost touching the door. He was dead.—London Mail.

Without Trimmings.

Payne, an examiner at Cambridge university, whose questions were always of a peculiarly exasperating nature, once asked a student at a special examination to "give a definition of happiness."

"An exemption from Payne," was the reply.

The Happiest Man.

"Marse Tom should be de happies' man in de roun' worl'!"

"Think so?"

"I sho' does. He spends three-fourths of his time huntin' an' de yuther fo'th eatin' what he hunts!"—Atlanta Constitution.

It is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, but five to insure perfect and patrician hands.

The utopia of today is the reality of tomorrow.—Passy.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

JAPANESE HOMES.

There Are No Doors or Passages In a Typical Dwelling.

The Japanese house consists in the main of a post at each corner and a roof. The roof may or may not be covered with heavy channeled purplish tiles. It makes little difference in the long run whether it is or is not, for if it is not tiled the first typhoon that comes along removes it into somebody's garden anything up to a quarter of a mile away, and if it is tiled heavily enough to resist the typhoon so much the worse for the people underneath it when the first genuine earthquake arrives. But the odds are that it will be bumped down before either happens, as the Japanese use very cheap lamps and very fiery petroleum and are regular children about fires. Of course something else is done to the four posts and the roof before they become a house in which births, marriages and deaths can take place. But really remarkably little is necessary. Crossbeams are naturally added to support the weight of the roof, grooves are made in the crossbeams and in the platform raised a foot or two above the ground which constitutes the floor. A Japanese house is all on one floor generally—in fact, one might say it is all one floor. Between the grooves in the floor and the grooves in the crossbeams are run shutters with paper panels to divide the houses into whatever number of rooms the owner may choose, which depends on the number of bedrooms he may require. There are no doors or passages in a typical Japanese house. In it every room acts as a passage to the room beyond it, and for the door you slide back the panel that happens to be nearest to you. For this sliding there are little bronze sunk handles in the wooden frames of the panels. The outside paper shutters do not come quite to the edge of the platform floor, the grooves along the edges are filled at night or in severe weather with wooden shutters, each of which is held in its place by the one that follows it, the last one being secured with a flimsy wooden bolt.

TWO TON BLACKFISH.

A School That Was Driven Ashore at Cape Cod.

One day in November, several years ago, the good people living on the Massachusetts bay shore at the north end of Cape Cod were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement by the arrival of an immense school of blackfish which were on the flats chasing bait, as the small fish they feed on are called and gradually working inshore. The news spread like wildfire. Village stores were hastily closed, schoolboys deserted schoolrooms, and even women flocked to the shore. The flats along the coast make out from half to a mile and a half practically level and almost dry at low tide where at high tide is four to eight feet of water. No school of blackfish so large as this had ever been heard of. And by good luck the tide was ebbing.

Hastily the boats were launched, each taking a half dozen men and boys, those not rowing being armed with sticks and pieces of board. In a quarter of an hour they were in position in half circle and to leeward of the fish.

"Close in now," came from the "commodore," "and make all the noise you can!" And they did, fairly churning the water with boards and sticks. The thousands of squid and herring on which the blackfish were feeding assisted in this movement by getting into shoal water as far as possible so that the blackfish could not follow them. The result was inevitable. The fast ebbing tide soon began to leave the big fish in such shoal water that it was difficult for the larger ones to swim. Gradually the circle of boats drew nearer and nearer, and in two hours 90 per cent of the entire school was stranded on the flats. For weeks after the villagers were engaged in cutting up and trying out the oil. The total catch netted some $25,000, many of the fish weighing two tons apiece.—Outing.

Dogs In China.

Dogs in China are chiefly despised, except as house workers or for culinary purposes. A black dog with yellow eyebrows is valued as a first rate house dog, but a white one with black eyebrows will bring luck to his owner, while a black dog is the king of his race. A "lion dog"—belonging to the small, shaggy northern breed—will bring good fortune, while the only real Chinese canine pet is the "sleeve dog," so called from being small enough to lie in the capacious Celestial sleeve. Retrievers are apparently unknown, while greyhounds are lanky and slow.

Could Lift a Ton and a Half.

A Scotchman, said to be the last of the Stuarts, was possessed with an extraordinary strength, from which circumstance he got the byname of Jemmy Strength. Among other feats, he could carry a 24 pounder cannon and had been known to lift a cart load of hay weighing a ton and a half upon his back. Many a time he took up a jackass and, carrying it on his shoulders, walked through the tollgate.

Careful George.

"I had a letter from George this morning. He said his mother had accidentally broken her arm."

"George is always so careful. Many a young man would have left out the word 'accidentally,' leaving you to infer that she had broken it purposely."—Kansas City Journal.

The Diagnosis.

"Terence, what is the doctor's diagnosis of your case?"

"He hasn't told me yit, but I'm bettin' it 'll be iv'ry dint av tin dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

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INSURANCE.
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Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bonton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—J. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Comrs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Comrs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Bodine, F. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramey.
Justices—B. J. Kemp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—H. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Jackson.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL R. HULL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 386, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on Second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL BRIGGSY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 282, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

B. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Mrs. MILLIE I. BREYER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

J. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Clayford H. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 120, week days..... 7:32 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 13, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Otisville, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 3, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 p. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:33 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 7, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 19	Straight	11 25
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 25	Smith's Run	11 09
10 33	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:32 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Vice-President and General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

9:30 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, also Kinzua sleeping cars to Kane and Bradford.

4:00 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

Trains arrive at Smethport as follows: 10:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and further information call on or address P. Jacquemin, Ticket Agt. Smethport, Pa.

C. E. RAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penna.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No 18. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 24, 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

a.m.	p.m.	STATIONS	a.m	p.m.	p.m.
7:00	3:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:50	12:10	7:00
6:07	2:20	Pt. Pleasant	7:39	11:18	7:00
6:10	2:30	Huzlehurst	7:36	11:15	4:11
6:18	2:37	Marvindale	7:29	11:08	4:14
6:21	2:40	Kneson	7:25	11:04	4:18
6:30	2:47	Conora	7:18	11:27	4:03
6:31	2:56	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
		lv			
6:34	3:00	Smethport	7:06	11:15	3:55
6:36	3:27	Mail	7:09	11:08	3:21
6:39	3:27	Furniture Valley	7:05	11:07	3:23
6:44	3:35	Coryville	7:00	11:00	3:15
6:50	3:50	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. A. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

C. OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS	Lv Westward. Ar	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
8.05	7.15	2.10	Ulysses	Lv	7.30	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell		7.47	2.32	9.19
7.45	"	1.57	Carpenter		8	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fd Junc		7.37	2.42	9.38
0	0	1.45	Newfield		7.47	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.20	Seeley Ridg's		8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Franks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chen. Works		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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DANIEL'S AWAKENING

By Maude J. Sullivan

Copyright, 1896, by T. C. McClure

Though two women had called him "husband," Daniel Newcomb had never been in love. His first marriage, with a cousin, had been to satisfy the terms of his grandfather's will, and the second union was simply one of convenience. Daniel Newcomb, widower, had needed a housekeeper, and Betty Blondale, an orphan, too old to seek the shelter of an institution and too trustful to be thrown on the world, had needed a home. It had resulted as such marriages usually do—disastrously for the woman.

Daniel was satisfied with Betty. She was pretty and economical, and she made him comfortable, but Betty had grown to love her stolid husband with all the ardor of a young and grateful heart. Would he ever really care for her? Could anything make her appear lovely in his sight? She was asking herself these questions as she stood in Mrs. Yardwell's millinery shop surveying the mass of lace and flowers that rested on her sunny head.

"I tell you what, Mis' Newcomb," said Mrs. Yardwell, ready to close a bargain, "if Daniel don't like it or he thinks it too high priced I'll agree to change it. Most all my hats are sold with that understandin'. Husbands have to be pleased now'days."

"'Tain't the price, Daniel's real liberal. I'll take it," answered Betty nervously as she opened her purse. There was a wistful look in her hazel eyes as she asked, "Did you know Mary Ellen, Daniel's first wife?"

"From the time she was a baby."

"Would she have worn a hat like this?"

"Land, no! Them buttercups wouldn't a looked well agin Mary Ellen's red face, to say nothin' of the poppies. I'll as soon looked for tassels on a clothesline as for posies on Mary Ellen. Even if she'd been inclined to wear 'em, she'd have faltered at the cost. She was extremely prudent."

"So Daniel says," answered Betty as she left the shop. Her precious head gear deposited carefully in the wagon, she untied her horse and started it toward the trim farmhouse by the river. Mrs. Yardwell watched her until her slender figure faded from sight. Then she went into her workroom.

"Serena," she said to her helper, "Daniel Newcomb's new wife is a real takin' little thing, as sweet an' pretty as t'other was humbly an' stingy. I'm afraid from what she said that Daniel is Mary Ellenin' her to death. Poor little thing! I do hope she is happy."

But Betty was not happy. Many times since her marriage had she looked with tear filled eyes toward the little burial plot beneath the evergreens and prayed that she might fill the place in her husband's heart formerly occupied by the woman sleeping there. Her husband's approval of her was gauged by the way her actions tallied with Mary Ellen's.

Daniel was not displeased, but the difference in the women was so striking that more than once he was quite unconscious of an uttered comparison. The first wife, a model housewife, had a faculty of making people feel uncomfortable in her presence. Betty's household duties might be performed a trifle less religiously, the dust might sometimes settle upon the parlor furniture, but the sunlight crept there, too, and her very nature radiated comfortability.

On one occasion the usual comparison remained unexpressed. Betty had called her husband into the brightly lighted parlor and pointed proudly to the old sofa piled high with pillows covered with chintz and denims. She had found some unused feather beds in the attic and in them had seen the possibilities of a cozy corner such as she had often admired in the shop windows. Before Daniel could utter the customary "Mary Ellen wouldn't have done that," she invited him to test its comfort, and, lulled by the luxurious softness, the remark was lost in a doze. Thereafter it was his favorite retreat and one not forbidden him. Shade of Mary Ellen! How was Betty to know that the unused feather beds and the darkened parlor were the pride of her predecessor's heart?

It was with many misgivings that she called Daniel's attention to her new hat. There was no mistaking the disapproval in his countenance.

"You—going—to—wear—that?" he gasped.

"Why, yes. Don't you like it, Daniel?" Betty perched it bewitchingly on her head.

"It's pretty enough. But how those red flowers will look agin the crape band on my hat! I vowed I'd show all respect to Mary Ellen, and that band can't come off in less than a year. Ain't you got no respect for appearances? Red poppies agin black crape! Oh, Betty, can't you understand how I feel?" One look at the bright head and the nodding flowers, and Daniel dashed out toward the barn.

Poor Betty! She removed the hat and fell weeping into a chair. Yes; she understood. She knew now how lonely he was, and she would show him that she sympathized with him. Hurriedly she wrapped up the offending headdress and slipped from the house. It was a long, hot walk back to the milliner's, but her one thought was to get back to Mrs. Yardwell.

"Mrs. Yardwell," she cried breathlessly after what seemed an eternity of walking, "I've come to change my hat. I've got to have a mourning bonnet."

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed the milliner, flurried by curiosity. "Have you lost a relation? I didn't know you had one."

"Sort of one," answered Betty, giving a farewell pat to the poppies. "I want the deepest dyed mourning you've got."

It was soon upon her head, a heavy black thing that fell in hot folds over her shoulders. Back over the road she trudged, the weight of the bonnet pulling at her temples and sending throbs into her head. The heat of the sun made her dizzy and faint. Oh, for something to relieve her! She half turned into the doctor's yard, but no. There was a medicine chest well filled at home. She would wait until she reached there. One of Mary's virtues had been economy. Blindly she staggered on toward home, entered it and went to the medicine chest. Blindly she grasped a bottle and drank from it. Then she remembered no more.

When Daniel returned that night from doing the chores he missed Betty's welcome at the door. She had not failed to meet him there since their marriage. He found her on the kitchen floor enveloped in widow's weeds and writhing in agony. Clumsily, but tenderly, he removed the ugly bonnet and placed her on her bed, where she lay raving and tossing while he ran for help. It was fortunate that the doctor was driving past just as the distracted man rushed from the house. He administered the proper antidote for the poison Betty had swallowed in her search for headache medicine.

Mrs. Yardwell was soon summoned, for Betty raved of her and the poppy hat. She called Daniel to a conference in the barn. What was said to him he never quite remembered. He was wondering dumbly if Betty were going to die and trying to picture home without her. For once in his busy life he was taking time to realize that he was in love with his wife.

When Betty opened her eyes in consciousness it was to find her husband sitting by her tenderly stroking her hands, and the beloved poppy hat lay on the coverlet beside her. She looked at him wonderingly.

"It's for you, dear," said Daniel huskily, "for you to wear. In all respect to Mary Ellen, I've taken off the crape, and we'll let her rest now where she is. Forgive me, Betty. I've been a brute. But I've suffered since you've been lying there, and I've found out how dear you are to me."

"But I'm not like Mary Ellen," whispered Betty faintly.

"No, thank God. But you're mine, and I love you. I want you to be happy in your own way hereafter and try to love me a little. Will you, dear?"

She was too weak to answer, but she smiled a happy little smile as her husband bent and for the first time gave her a lover's kiss.

An Intelligent Chimpanzee.

In 1884 Mr. Smyth, United States consul at Liberia, brought to this country a young chimpanzee about seventeen months old and sold him to the New York park department for the cost of transporting him. As he came first class passage, the price was $125. He was named Crowley. He took to Keeper Cook from the first, and until his death they were the best of friends. He was very intelligent and I believe was as neat human as an animal could be. He would sit at a table to eat, putting on a napkin and using a knife, fork and spoon when necessary. When he had finished he would use the napkin, carefully fold it up and lay it beside his plate. About two weeks before he died a severe attack of pneumonia set in, and Dr. Marsh, surgeon of the park police, was called. Every morning when the doctor entered the room he would say, "Good morning, Crowley," and Crowley would get up to shake hands. Then the doctor would say, "How are you this morning?" and Crowley would grin. The doctor would examine him and say, "Your pulse, Crowley," and Crowley would extend his hand. "Now, your lungs," and Crowley would throw back his arms to allow the doctor to place his ear to his breast. "And now your back, Crowley," and he would turn his back.

He grew very feeble before death, and Cook stood by him from early morning until late at night. Late in the afternoon of the day he died Cook held him in his arms for about an hour. Cook put him down on the floor, and Crowley raised himself up, put out his hand to shake hands, as Cook said, "to bid him goodby," turned toward the wall of his room and dropped dead.—Outing.

A Salutary Lesson.

"Now, remember your salutes," said the corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a lieutenant—he wears one star on his shoulder—slope arms; if a captain—two stars—slope arms. If you see a major—a crown—present arms; if the colonel—stars and crown—present and turn out the guard."

Pat pondered his orders carefully, but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the general.

That worthy son of Mars surveyed the cross swords on the gallant officer's shoulders and as he was not included in the corporal's category simply nodded cheerfully.

"Well, my man," said the genial general, "and who are you supposed to be?"

"I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick. "And who are you?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a general," said the latter.

"A gineral, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then ye'll want something big. The corp'ral told me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all. But hold hard a minute, and I'll give ye the bayonet exercise, if that'll do."—London Answers.

REAL HORSEPLAY.

Some Pranks Played by an Equine Practical Joker.

A Staten Island physician is the owner of a horse which has a fondness for practical jokes. Recently the doctor drove into the country to answer a sick call. Arriving at the farmhouse he tied his horse to a post, near which hung a rope attached to a large bell used as a dinner signal for employees, and went in to see his patient. Pretty soon the bell rang violently. The doctor and the man of the house looked out, but could see nothing except the horse. They had hardly turned away, however, before the bell rang again, and again they looked, but could see nothing.

This was repeated, and the doctor determined to solve the mystery, so at the third ring, instead of going into the house he stepped behind a tree in the yard. He kept his eye on the bell rope and in about a minute was surprised to see his horse lift up his head and give the rope a hard tug. When the physician sprang out and confronted the horse, the animal put on a look of innocence.

The same horse the next day was turned loose in the doctor's barnyard, and while there the beast saw a basket hanging on a pole about seven feet from the ground. In the basket was a pet cat. The horse put his nose up to investigate, and the cat gave the intruder a scratch. The horse turned around, looked back over his shoulder as though to take aim and measure the distance and kicked cat and basket into the air. The equine joker then gave a low whinny of delight and walked away.—New York Mail and Express.

Witchcraft.

Jane Wenham was indicted at the Hertfordshire assizes on March 4, 1712, for "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," under the provisions of the act of 1604, repealed in 1736. Her prosecutors wished to have her also indicted for practicing witchcraft to the harm of Ann Thorn, a servant girl about sixteen years old, but this was not allowed, though evidence was produced at the trial to show what injury had been done the victim by means of crooked pins and by placing oxes' and cats' hairs in Ann Thorn's pillow and how the prisoner had caused the death of some cattle simply by walking through a turnip field.

The jury brought her in "guilty," and Mr. Justice Powell pronounced sentence of death, but took steps to quash the verdict. Wenham's prosecutors published an account of the case, but their arguments were pulverized by scientific men. Jane Wenham herself was liberated and taken under the protection of Colonel Plumtree, who gave her a cottage, and we are told by Dr. Hutchinson that in 1720 the whole country was fully convinced of her innocence.

Keeping His Place Warm.

This story is told of a successful general who was far from being a brilliant scholar at school. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the general and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After awhile the general said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me."

The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor.

"Are you the dunce?" asked the general.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, my good fellow," said the general, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."—London Tit-Bits.

Curious Tombstone.

On a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Great Yarmouth, England, there is sculptured the unusual representation of a clown seated in a tub which is being drawn down a river by two swans. Beneath this stone lies one of the many victims who were drowned years ago by the collapse of an iron suspension bridge on which they had crowded to see a clown pass underneath in the manner described. The feat, which was a novel form of advertisement by a traveling circus, was actually performed, but the rush of people from one side of the bridge to the other after the man had passed under caused the tragic ending.

Judicial Ignorance.

The ignorance of worldly affairs on the part of judges is proverbial, but a county court judge the other day certainly amazed the court, says an English newspaper. Counsel happened to say that the defendant, a vocalist, could not "turn up" at a certain place. "Turn up!" said the judge in bland surprise, "but he is a vocalist, not an acrobat." This recalls the story of the judge who asked, "What is the Stock Exchange—a cattle market?"

All on One Side.

"I am told your bride is very pretty," said Miss Peppery.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mr. Con Seet. "Several of the guests at the ceremony were pleased to call it a 'wedding of beauty and brains.'"

"Well, well! She must be a remarkable woman. That's an unusual combination in one person."—Philadelphia Press.

An Exchange of Compliments.

"Man," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore reflectively as she dressed for going out, "is fearfully and wonderfully made."

"And woman," added Mr. Dinsmore, who was waiting impatiently, "is fearfully and wonderfully made up."—Detroit Free Press.

Big words are the tombs in which we bury our ideas.—Fowler.

FROM OUT THE WEST

By MARY WOOD

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Missoula Ann gazed across the frozen stretches of the park with a dreamy sense of ownership. The chill wind which had deterred all other wayfarers was as the breath of her own prairies.

"Jest the sky for a norther, Teddy," she said exultantly. "Seems like old times, it does."

Teddy was not looking at the sky. Around a bend in the road came a horse, jet black, well groomed, head high, while the delicate nostrils sniffed the wind, and saddle invitingly empty; not ownerless, for a policeman walked close beside. But Teddy had eyes only for the horse. In a moment possession would be his and Missoula far behind. He set off down the walk as fast as his chubby legs would carry him.

Too late Missoula awoke to the realities of her position. She broke into a frightened run, and her voice rang out in command: "Teddy Barker, come back! Do you hear? Come back, I say!"

If Teddy heard he gave no sign, except to redouble his efforts. But verily the way of the transgressor is hard! There was an innocent appearing strip of ice gleaming in the pallid glow of the wintry sun. Teddy's foot encountered it. He threw out both hands and slid forward on his nose. It is a tender member, and Teddy complained loudly. The irate Missoula was now on the scene. Even the policeman offered his services to restore peace. Together they picked up the fallen, whose cries redoubled under the effect of Missoula's vigorous shakings. The policeman interfered.

"See here, now," he said good naturedly, "I'll have to arrest you if you make such noise. Come and see Jim Crow. You can have a ride on him if you aren't scart."

Teddy stiffened at the implied insult. "That's all I wanted to do," he protested stoutly, "only Missoula she wouldn't let me!"

The man looked at the girl eagerly. "Be you from Montana, miss?" he asked.

Missoula nodded.

"I hail from west Texas myself," the policeman hastened to explain, "but I reckon there's much of a sameness about them both."

Missoula Ann seized his hand joyfully. "I been watching you other days. I jest knowed you was from the west the way you sat your horse."

By this time Teddy was safely ensconced on top of Jim Crow. "It does seem as if most of the folks here made riding a hard matter," the policeman said reflectively. "And it's worse for the horse than it is for them. Why, the ladies have the poor beasts cinched up so tight they can't draw a full breath. Wish they'd just try it on a broncho. There'd be some tall bucking." And he laughed.

Missoula joined in. "I believe I could show them a thing or two myself," she said proudly, "even if I ain't got one of them swell riding skirts. But I jest better not be saying too much about it," she added sadly. "I might hev forgot. It's so long since I was on a horse. Mr. Barker, he got one of those automobiles, but I can't abide the creature."

The tall policeman agreed. "Just give me a good horse," he declared, "and a clear road, and I'd ride and ride to"—

"Clear out to the west," the girl interrupted eagerly. There was a wistful look in her eyes.

"Be you long from there, miss?" he asked respectfully.

"Only since last fall, but it seems an age," Missoula Ann said, with a sigh. "You see Mr. Barker, he's the biggest man out our way. He rules jest about everything but his wife, and she rules him. So when she took it into her head to cum to New York for the winter we all had to cum, I cum on 'count of Teddy. Seems as if he can't get along without me. I've had the care of him ever since he was born." She smiled up at the child affectionately. "I'm not saying but what I was tickled over the idea. They'd been telling me all sorts of foolishness about the city. But it's not a bit like what I expected. Perhaps the fault lies in me, but I feel sort of smothered all the time. It's bad enough on the street with people pushing of you out of their way, but indoors it's worse. Things are so awful dear here that Mr. Barker, for all he owns 'bout a whole section out our way, can't hev a whole house to hisself. It's worse than the boys' quarters at a roundup the way folks crowd together. But you must excuse me fer saying so much," she broke off in conclusion as she looked up and met his dark eyes fixed admiringly upon her. "Only it's so long since I had the chance to free my mind. You're mighty good to listen. But comic, Teddy, it's time we were making fer home."

Teddy did not agree, but the tall policeman cut short his remarks by lifting him down in a peremptory fashion. "I'm much obliged to you, miss," he said gratefully. "It's been as good as seeing one of the boys. But perhaps you'll be coming this way again tomorrow perhaps," he asked insinuatingly.

Missoula Ann thought that perhaps she might. Teddy was quite sure that he would be ready for another ride. The tall policeman leaped lightly into his saddle, and she watched him with a thrill of pride. He was certainly quite imposing in his blue uniform with the brass buttons, and his friendship was a thing to be desired. And then he came from the west! He could sympathize with her longing for that faraway land. Yes, Missoula was sure to come that way tomorrow.

He was waiting for them on the next afternoon, and Teddy was swung up on the saddle in a jiffy. But now it was the big policeman who talked, while Missoula listened in shy silence. His name was Jones. "They used to call me 'Shorty' down in the Panhandle because I was so tall," he explained with a laugh. "No, they don't do it here," in answer to her questioning look. "It wouldn't be healthy for them. The men on the force call me Jim. I haven't any pals up here."

Jim had come to New York with some full blood cattle. But the attractions of the big city proved too much for him, and after a debauch of several days he had come to himself only to find that the rest of the crew had gone back, and he was left alone, adrift. There had been some hard days. Jim spoke of them hesitatingly and with a shamed flush on his tanned cheek.

"But then I got on the force—on account of my riding—and I've been on over a year. I can't complain of the pay, and the work's light enough. But I get such longing for the sun shining in a perfect blue sky and my pony picking his way among the holes of a dog town—the little beggars sitting up and scolding at you as bold as you please—and then scrambling down through the mesquite bushes into a water hole and letting him drink as much as he pleases, and then riding on till the sun sets as it never does up here, bands of light playing right across the sky and a purple glow over everything. Well, when I get to thinking of all that I get uneasy like and tired of all this crowding. Some fine morning the feeling will be extra strong, and then"—he laughed—"the force will be losing one of its ornaments."

Missoula was looking up eagerly. Her eyes were as blue as the Texas sky of which he spoke and wide with longing. "You will be going back, too, some day, Miss Missoula," he said softly.

She caught her breath sharply, like one suddenly waked from a dream. "Yes," she said dispiritedly, "I s'pose so—when Mis' Barker's ready to go."

The three met often after that. Teddy had come to look on Jim Crow as one of his possessions, while Missoula and his master had become the best of friends, and meanwhile a lively spring was breathing new life into the half thawed slopes of the park. Timid grass blades appeared.

The afternoon sun shone down warmly and showed Missoula engaged in restraining Teddy from picking a spray of the enticing "burning bush." The tall policeman came up during the altercation. As they walked on together he preserved an unwonted silence.

"Spring's about here," Missoula observed at last. "I've been thinking how the prairie must look by now—jest one big flower bed."

Jim looked off across the tree tops with eyes unseeing of their delicate veil of leaves. "I've been thinking, too," he said, "and I just can't stand the city any longer. I'm going back west." Missoula's face paled.

"I'd have gone long ago if it hadn't been for you, Missoula." He looked down now and as he saw her agitation went on eagerly: "I won't go now unless you will go too. I've been saving money, and I've written out, so there's a position ready. Won't you go, Missoula?"

Missoula's face blushed a rosy red, but she met his ardent gaze frankly. "Yes, I'll go, Jim," she said. "I trust you Teddy's getting so old now he won't be missing me. And, oh, Jim, we'll be going back to the west together!" There was a choke in her voice.

Jim drew her to him, and it was well that the path was deserted or observers might have been scandalized by the spectacle of one of the force who had quite forgotten his dignity.

Had the Effect.

"Yes," she said in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Beautiful hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them the songs of today are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you, yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments that one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is John Howard Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of 11, "because there is a line in that song which says 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough and arose and went silently out into the night.

Hidden Crackers.

In the preface to Gail Hamilton's poems, published under the title "Chips, Fragments and Vestiges," the sister of the dead author says that a few yellowed papers exist covered with her verses written in a childish hand.

One such sheet has the heading "Chips and Parings." Another is called "Mary A. Dodge's Scribbles." These were all written before she was twelve years old. But the earliest, written when she was eight, is the best:

When mother hides her crackers in
Old coffeepots all made of tin,
We seldom ever find them out,
Although all day we look about.

Now, though we all like crackers well,
And bakers have enough to sell,
Yet we all eat them up so fast
That mother hides to make them last.

This "poem" was solemnly and silently handed to "mother" by the little author after she had discovered where the crackers were hidden.

CARPENTERS IN INDIA.

They Are Careless About Measurements, Tools and Time.

The chief faults of the Indian carpenter are his neglect of accurate measurement, his carelessness with regard to the efficiency of his tools and his lack of perception of the value of time as a factor in the execution of work. He has also to be taught to occupy his mind with the work in hand and as much as possible to exclude other subjects.

For example, the making of a jack plane involves the choice of the wood, considerations as to size, the angle of the blade and its cutting edge, the wedge and its holding power, the handle and finally the operation of planing. All these operations are capable of very simple explanation, and the exercise provokes an emulation among students while exercising their reasoning powers. No Indian workman buys a plane. He buys the blade and makes the rest, but he rarely makes it well. He buys a saw blade and makes the handle, and, generally speaking, he spends the smallest possible sum on his outfit in spite of the extra labor the economy involves. He must therefore be taught to make as many labor saving tools as possible and to make them well. He has to be taught the use and repair of a grindstone and how to mount it in wood without metal fittings. The hard, tough woods so common in India make this an easy matter. The Indian has yet to be taught that grinding and whetting are two distinct operations, the first removing 99.9 per cent of the metal and the second producing the cutting edge in a few strokes. His saw is in such bad order that he cuts teeth, as a rule, with a mallet and chisel, and his ignorance of gauges renders him unable to make even twenty articles exactly alike. He rarely knows what size of bolt or screw to use on a given job. His screw is always too small.—Cassier's Magazine.

APHORISMS.

Nothing ages like laziness.—Bulwer.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

We can do nothing well without joy and a good conscience, which is the ground of joy.—Dibbes.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one. All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—Young.

A word or nod from the good has more weight than the eloquent speeches of others.—Plutarch.

Kind words prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in generous minds.—Locke.

An inquisitive man is a creature naturally very vacant of thought itself and therefore forced to apply to foreign assistance.—Steele.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice.—Sydney Smith.

The Young Writer.

No young writer in whom the literary aspiration is a passion need or really will be cowed by the array of mighty and expert antagonists in the arena whose names sound and resound so gloriously from the herald's trumpet in full volume re-enforced by past triumphs. Though a true and becoming modesty may well temper his ambition, it should in no degree suppress his ardent longing. These veterans, young aspirant, are indeed masters, but as such your exemplars. They also had their beginnings, hidden indeed, as used to be the sources of the Nile, not permitted to be seen small, because they mustered their art before they exhibited as artists.—Harper's Magazine.

Thief Cleverness.

A magistrate's clerk has been known to have his tie pin stolen while in court, and one in Birmingham a few years ago lost his coat in the same way, but a more remarkable example perhaps of a thief's cleverness under the very eyes of the police was that of the burglar at Clerkenwell who managed to conceal two diamond rings while the police were searching him and passed one of them to his wife in the cell while the police were looking on. The rings were under his tongue, and one of them passed from his mouth to his wife's when he was kissing her goodby.—London Answers.

A Lasting Lesson.

"Didn't I tell you not to propose to me again?"

"You said something of the kind, but of course it made no impression on me."

"Oh, it didn't! Well, I'll give you a lesson now that you won't forget. You'll never propose to me again."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to accept you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Buddhism.

Mrs. Dumm—I see a piece in the paper about some society people bein' interested in Buddhism. What's that?

Mrs. Dumber—Why, I guess that must be the doin's of these young society people that's called "buds."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Safest.

Sharpe—Yes, Parker invented the safest air ship ever heard of.

Wheaton—But it refused to fly. You couldn't get up on it.

"That's why I say it was the safest."

Success.

She—And what would you call a successful poet?

He—One who leaves money enough to bury him.—Judge.

A straight line is shortest in morals as well as in geometry.—Ralph.

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TWO TURNS OF THE WHEEL

The Story of the Rise and Fall of a Comstock Fortune.

Sandy Bowers was a teamster, his wife a buxom and not uncomely Scotch woman who took in washing and kept a miners' boarding house. It was in the early days of Virginia City, before men had grasped the full value of the discovery, and the teamster, in company with others of his kind, came into possession of several hundred feet on the lode at Gold Hill.

His claim became one of the bonanzas of the region, and Sandy found himself richer than he had ever thought any one could be. Neither he nor his wife ever rose to the level of their fortune. They remained the teamster and the washerwoman to the end. There is a story that neither could read nor write. After giving an entertainment at the International hotel such as that hostelry of many grandeurs had never before seen they went to Europe for two years.

When they came back they were still the teamster and the washerwoman. Europe had added no veneer. But the money was still in plenty. "Money to throw to the birds," as the old man was wont to say. Nevada was more to their taste than anywhere else, so they elected to remain there, and that strange monument of wealth, which is known all through Nevada and California as the Bowers mansion, was built on the shore of Washoe lake.

The site was one of extraordinary beauty, with the wall of snow capped Sierra behind it, the sapphire sweep of water in front. Money was never considered in its construction. It was built of quarried stone and furnished with the costliest San Francisco could supply. A library of books with Sandy's name on every volume was one of its features. The door handles were of silver, the table furnishings the finest to be had at that place at that time.

Here the old people—for they were getting old—settled and dispensed a lavish hospitality. Here an adopted child whom they dearly loved and had named Persia died. Here, too, later on Sandy died and was buried in the garden under the shadow of the Sierra. And here the shades of evening beginning to close on this strange drama—poverty overtook his widow. She strove to redeem her first losses by speculation, throwing good money after bad. In her case the wheel of fortune made a complete revolution. Her old age saw her as poor as she had been in her youth. She passed from stage to stage and finally made a livelihood by practicing fortune telling in San Francisco, it having been always understood that she had the gift of second sight. The crystal in which she gazed had shown her many things, but nothing stranger, more dramatic and varied than her own life.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Our Small Country.

One brother is a rich merchant in the Straits Settlements, on the Malay peninsula. The other brother was the cook in a cheap restaurant on South Clark street.

The merchant sent to the cook a draft for sufficient money to pay his expenses out to Asia, and the cook gave up his job and has started for his brother's home. The interesting thing about the whole incident is the letter, written by the wealthy merchant which accompanied the draft.

In the first place, the draft was made payable in New York.

"I send you the money in a draft payable in New York," wrote the brother from faroff Asia. "You can go over and get it cashed there. On the way I wish you would stop at Texas and see Brother Thomas. I haven't heard from him for two years now, and I'd like to know how he's getting along."—Chicago Tribune.

Fishing For Plunder.

A visitor to one of the hotels at Peking was awakened during the night by the noise caused by the fall of a roll of paper. Getting out of bed, he saw with astonishment a pole, to which was attached a fishing line, moving about the room, collecting various objects and removing them through the window. Upon going downstairs he was heard by the burglarious Chinaman outside to whom the rod belonged and who escaped, leaving his fishing line behind him.

A Mental Strain.

"I'm thinking of a trip to California," said Smartie.

"Really, old man," remarked Peppery, "you can't afford that. You're not accustomed to that sort of thing."

"I merely said I was thinking of it. I can afford to think, can't I?"

"No; that's what I meant. You're not accustomed to thinking."—Philadelphia Press.

Failure.

Toucher—If I borrow a dollar from you will it be necessary to hand it back tomorrow or can you wait until next week for it?

Frost—I'm too busy to discuss purely hypothetical questions. Ask somebody who likes to argue.—Kansas City Journal.

Dreaded the Interview.

Medium (at spiritualistic seance)—Is Mr. Keezicks present? His deceased wife wishes to communicate with him.

Mr. Keezicks (in an agitated voice)—Tell her I'd rather not. I'm married again.—Chicago Tribune.

Perpetual Beginners.

Would Be Sportsman—I suppose everybody must begin as—er—er—a beginner, don't you know.

Gamekeeper—To be sure, sir; but some continue it a good deal longer than others.

Fitted Him.

Amateur Actor—Oh, I don't want to take that character. I'll make an idiot of myself, sure.

Manager—Well, you said you wanted an easy part.

Some fools and their money are parted only by death.—Puck.

THE QUALITY OF GENIUS.

Its Practical Absorption of a Man's Best Faculties.

To be a great lawyer is incomparable with being a great poet. Nevertheless, Shakespeare was fond of showing his little legal knowledge, and Bacon has written some verse. There have been writers of eminence, like Walter Scott and Thackeray, who were lawyers by profession, but they must have made law quite subordinate to literature, although some of them, like Walter Scott, have got money by following the law. Hoffman, the author of "The Pot of Gold" and other imaginative stories, was a man of genius, who was also a judge or a magistrate. I think, however, that his legal duties sat lightly on him. His connection with the law seems somewhat similar to that of Walter Scott. It was neither absorbing nor permanent. Politicians turn to literature. Literary men, like Chateaubriand and Lamartine, have held high places as politicians, but they never were real statesmen, and I should not call them men of great genius. A man of action may be great in more fields of action than one. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte were statesmen and generals, but they were not and could not be poets, though Julius Cæsar was a writer. Among the ancient Greeks and later Spaniards and Portuguese we find poets who were soldiers and even generals. They, however, were not wholly military. Only a part and sometimes a small part of their lives was spent in service. Horace's experience of war was very short, and, although he was a military tribune, he was not a distinguished soldier. A man may be excellent in more ways than one, but he cannot be a man of genius in two different ways. A few instances, such as that of Sheridan, might be given which seem to be exceptions to the rule. I doubt whether they are so. The same inclination made Sheridan an orator and a writer of comedy.—Notes and Queries.

STEPS THAT BETRAY.

Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation.

Tiptoe walking betrays surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery.

Turned in toes are often found with preoccupied, absent minded persons.

The miser's walk is represented as stooping, noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps.

The proud step is slow and measured. The toes are conspicuously turned out, the legs straightened.

Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind, as the case may be.

The direction of the steps wavering and following every changing impulse of the mind inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

Obstinate people who in argument rely more on muscularity than on intellectual power rest the feet flatly and firmly on the ground, walking heavily and slowly, and stand with the legs firmly planted far apart.

Box Office Superstition.

A newspaper man was the second in line at the box office of one of the popular theaters on the opening night. The first man asked for four seats, and when he started to pay for them the man in the box office said:

"Oh, that's all right. There's no charge at all for those seats."

The man looked surprised, thanked the ticket manipulator and went on. Then the newspaper man had his turn and he said:

"Please satisfy impertinent curiosity and tell me why you wouldn't take that man's money."

"Well," said the treasurer, "I expect you didn't notice that that man was cross eyed. If I had sold him the first tickets we wouldn't have had a bit of luck through the whole engagement."—New York Times.

Wasp's Method of Attack.

Belt in his "Naturalist In Nicaragua" draws attention to the methods of attack used by different species of wasps. One accustomed to animals and not to men takes care to crawl down the outstanding hairs to the skin before inserting its sting, while others which live in the midst of human dwellings fly straight at a man's face. The first species, true to inherited instinct, when it attacks unfamiliar human beings attaches itself to their hair or their beards. But there must have been a time when the second species discovered that the face was the vulnerable part, and the discovery was the outcome of the action of brain.

Art Treasures.

"I understand you have a number of art treasures."

"Any number of 'em," answered Mr. Cumrox.

"By the way, how would you define an art treasure?"

"An art treasure as nearly as I can figure it out, is something that is considered all the more valuable for being secondhand goods."—Washington Star.

Jenkins Was Ignored.

William Pitt's last words are said to have been, "My country, oh, how I love my country!" Pitt's butler afterward said that the statesman's dying words were, "I hope the country will do something for Jenkins." The butler was Jenkins, but nobody accepted his testimony and the country certainly did nothing for Jenkins.

Not an Authority.

There are some persons who can't take a joke, but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or to pay rent.

"I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg. "I have always moved."

Economical.

Friend (to amateur artist)—I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?

Amateur—Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents.

MAKING BREAD.

Biscuit and rolls require a hotter oven than bread.

Bread should rise to twice its original quantity before it is ready to bake.

The sponge should be set at night if the baking is to be done in the morning, otherwise set it early in the morning.

Bread and biscuits should rise in a moderately warm place, for if too cold it will be heavy or if too hot it is likely to sour.

Milk is preferable for mixing. In some cases the quantity used will have to be varied a little, as some flour will absorb more moisture than others.

A good sponge can be made of one pint of sifted flour, one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a cupful of warm water and liquid enough to make a batter. It should be left to rise till light.—Exchange.

Rooms to Let.

Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr. Goslin?

Goslin (horrified)—I haven't been looking for a lodger, madam.

Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story.

At the Sulphur Spring.

Visitor—This water tastes just like bad eggs, doesn't it?

Servitor—Don't know. I'm not an actor.

The man who pauses in his honesty wants little of being a villain.—Martyn.

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REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the Western District of Pennsylvania, Frederick Arthur McCoy of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 24th day of November, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.